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SCANDINAVIAN CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

We are always glad to welcome any movement which has for its object the furthering of intellectual and artistic relations between the American people and the peoples of the Scandinavian countries. The mutual reactions of such efforts cannot fail to be helpful and salutary on both sides, for each has much to offer by which the other may profit. Readers of modern Scandinavian literature are constantly apprised, by apposite allusion and stated fact, of the appeal which our republic makes to the Scandinavian imagination, of the frequency with which our example is made to point a moral or adorn a tale. Those Scandinavians who have visited us and those who have observed us only from afar have alike felt the American influence, and reflected it in the expression of their literary, social, and political thought. As far back as 1865, Ibsen was moved by the death of Lincoln to the composition of one of his most striking poems, in which "the shot heard yonder in the West" was invested with a portentous significance for European culture. In later years many of the most eminent Scandinavian men of letters have sojourned upon our shores and explored our *Hinterland*, with results that have impressed themselves upon their writings. Such men as Björnson, Kjelland, Hamsun, Nansen, Kristofer Janson, and Holger Drachmann have made their report upon us, and brought home the message of the gospel of freedom to the peoples who of all those who dwell upon the Continent have been perhaps the most eagerly receptive listeners. This is not surprising when we consider the extent to which the Scandinavian strain has entered into our population, and the millions of individual and family relations that have thus been established between the two countries.

Symptomatic of these relations are such matters as the recent exchange of lectureships between the United States and Denmark, and the dedication of a Danish-American park in the neighborhood of Aarhus. We were informed not long ago by a Danish publisher that one of Mr. Robert Herrick's novels was a "best seller" in Denmark. A less felicitous illustration of American influence was gleaned from a casual acquaintance on a railway journey, who informed us proudly that he had introduced American

chewing-gum into Norway, and had just built a house out of the proceeds of the nefarious business. We suppose that countries which come into relations with each other must trade their vices as well as their virtues, although this particularly disgusting vice is the last we would have thought likely to find a foothold on European soil. In the matter of travel between the Scandinavian countries and the United States, the long-established Danish line of steamships has won cordial commendation from the tourist public, and it is soon to have a rival in the Norwegian company which is about to put two magnificent new steamships into the transatlantic service.

We commented in 1911 upon the organization at Chicago of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, which has already held two annual sessions of great interest, and has just issued the third series of its Proceedings. This organization of Scandinavian scholarship is evidently in the field for good, and much may be expected from its activities. Its objects include both publication and propaganda, the latter meaning a persistent effort to further American interests in the literature of the Scandinavian countries, and to secure for the Scandinavian languages the recognition that is due them in our schools and colleges. That these languages have a high cultural value is evident to all who are acquainted with them, and it is gratifying to learn that an ever-increasing number of colleges are offering courses in them, and even accepting them for the entrance-requirement. It seems proper to say that only French and German among modern languages exceed them in cultural significance for education, and that they hold the balance fairly even with Italian or with Spanish. Of the wisdom of the effort to make them elective subjects in high schools we are somewhat in doubt. Our high schools cannot do very much, at best, with modern language study, and we should be sorry to find any number of students substituting them for the French and German which are so absolutely essential to culture. And there is always the danger of their being elected as "snap courses" by lazy young people who are left to shift for themselves in planning their high school work.

We have just received the initial number of "The American-Scandinavian Review," a modest but exceedingly interesting bi-monthly published in New York. There have been other ventures of this sort, notably the "Scandinavia" of the late Professor N.C. Fredriksen which ran its course of nearly three years in Chicago in the eighties, and the demise of which we deeply regretted. The new periodical seems assured of better support, being published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, a corporation which has the pleasant duty of administering, for the purpose of a better understanding between the countries concerned, a bequest of more than half a million dollars made by the late Niels Poulson. Another enterprise undertaken by this trust is the notable exhibition of Scandinavian painting and sculpture, representing some one hundred and fifty artists, now in New York, and soon to be sent to Chicago and other cities. Still other purposes are the granting of travelling fellowships to students from both sides, the publication of Scandinavian classics, and the establishment of institutes and reading-rooms in the chief Scandinavian centres of this country.

Working with this Foundation is an American-Scandinavian Society which already numbers nearly a thousand members, and with which all Americans interested are invited to affiliate. The stated objects of this organization are

"To cultivate closer relations between the people of the United States of America and the Scandinavian countries; to strengthen the bonds between Scandinavian-Americans; to advance the knowledge of Scandinavian culture among the American public, particularly among the descendents of Scandinavians."

The last point seems to us of vital importance. Our Scandinavian immigrants, in their eagerness to make Americans of their children, are too apt to withhold from them the noble heritage of history and literature which is their birthright. All over this country, young Swedes and Danes and Norwegians are growing up in ignorance of the language and deeds of their ancestors. This wanton waste of cultural opportunity should be severely condemned. It is perfectly easy to keep a child in full possession of his racial heritage without in the least impairing his command of the English language, or making him any the less a good American citizen. We owe much to the sturdy qualities of our Scandinavian immigrants, but we would owe them much more if they were made to recognize as a sacred obligation the preservation of their own cultural characteristics. We trust that the Society will place all the stress possible upon this obligation, to the end that the rising generation of Scandinavians, when they make the acquaintance of Shakespeare, shall not be allowed to forget Holberg, the glory of their own race, to say nothing of such other significant figures as those of Oehlenschläger, Ewald, Tegnér, Runeberg, Björnson, and Ibsen.

THE METAPHYSICAL AND THE HISTORICAL MIND.

Strictly speaking, Hindoo literature owns no histories. The few facts that loom up from that race's antiquity or middle past are in a welter of confusion as to date, place, and personage. The most important events and works cannot be placed with any certainty in century or period. Conversely, Hindoo thought, perhaps the most penetrating and most affluent the world has ever known, rises from the springs of the Rig-Veda in ever-increasing flood and buries the monuments and ruins of empires in its path. India let the jewelled reigns of her kings slip through her listless fingers, while she turned her solemn eyes out on the Universe or inward to her brooding soul.

> "She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again."

What is apparently the earliest creative work of Hindoo literature—the Ramayana—may have some historic import, may in a remote way record the movement of the ruling race toward the South. But the love-story of Sita, the reincarnation of Krishna in Rama, his alliance with the monkey hordes, and the Lucifer-like character of Ravana, have less relation to reality than the characters and incidents of early European epics. And the Mahabharata is an immense mingling of mythology, metaphysics, and confused and cloudy wars, threaded through with a very human story.

What is true of India is mainly true of all Asia. Mother of mysteries—religion after religion, philosophy after philosophy, has issued from her womb. But human history she has disdained. She has held her myriad races cheap, and thought only the eternal important. She has furnished the ore which European artists have reduced and refined; she has supplied the matrix studded with precious stones for the miners and lapidaries of the West to pick out and cut and polish.

The historical instinct first rose clear and keen in Greece. It held there, for a while, a perfect balance with the metaphysical mood; and between them were evolved the literature, art, and science which make modern culture. To Rome, history was more than thought, and as a result a certain hardness was impressed upon all the products of its life and mind. Afterwards for nearly a thousand years the historical sense was swept aside by the irruption of religions and philosophies from Asia. In recent times, the historical side of the human mind has again become dominant. Man and his doings have become all in all, and God has retired into the background. Modern science is almost wholly an historical affair. It not only works in a utilitarian spirit, but it reads the records of the rocks, writes the romances and novels of the elements, the plants and stars.

Yes, the historical mind has had its innings with a vengeance during the last hundred years. Things hold together. Like Wordsworth's cloud, the human mind "moves altogether if it moves at all." It has marched directly away from its cosmogonies, its divinities, its high imaginations and great exceptionalities; it has marched toward the common, the usual, the trivial, and the apparently explicable. Literature no longer "begins from Jove," but from the grocer at the street corner.

It is delightful to know that we are all equally important—that we are all going to the heaven of fame, and that Mr. Howells is of the company. But the historical method run mad defeats itself. We cannot see the forest for the trees. And when everything is recorded everything is soon forgotten. The people of the future will have their own interesting selves to think about, and they will have little time to waste on the interminable records of to-day. The greater part of our present literature will soon be like yesterday's newspaper.

But the people of the future will doubtless recur, as we do, to the large-featured typifying representative literary creations of the past. Art, which is kneaded with thought shot through with philosophy, must hold its own. If there were no sorrow or dreams or death in the world, the historical mind might very well always be regnant. Human vanity might always be satisfied with seeing its actions as in a mirror. "Go write a play about myself and my son-in-law," says the French *bourgeois* to the dramatist, "and I will come to see it." But to the poorest mind there come moments when the usual round of existence fails to satisfy: when the great realities of sorrow and death press upon it. Then is born the metaphysical mood.

It would be foolish to say that the vivid spectacle of life—its carelessness, gayety, sensuousness, charm—is not worthy of any artist's skill; that we ought not to take delight in its representation. I suppose there are few of us who do not read ten trivial novels to one great piece of literature. We read them, but we forget them—and we do not forget the masterpieces.

Even great comedy is profound. Its flowers spring from a volcanic soil; its dazzling frost-work is broken by crevasses, abysses that go straight down to the centre of things. Aristophanes opposes the world-wisdom of the sophists with a wisdom of poetry. Rabelais makes the Schoolmen look foolish with their own science. Cervantes mocks the ideal of chivalry with an ideal of superior merit. But it is the poets, tragedians, and philosophers, who are at furthest remove from the mere historical outlook on mankind, who are least the chroniclers and cataloguers of fact. The hymns of the Rig-Veda, the Book of Job, the Biblical Prophets, the Prometheus and Agamemnon, the Divine Comedy, Shakespeare's great tragedies, Paradise Lost, Faust, and Manfred, —all these are almost pure products of the metaphysical mind. Aye, and the briefer strains of the Muse—the poems of Pindar and Horace, the sonnets of Petrarch and Shakespeare, the odes of Gray, the songs of Burns, the lyrics of Shelley, are all pregnant with philosophy. Metaphysical thought is a normal necessity of man, and when expressed in

poetry it comes as near to being immortal as anything in our shifting world can reach. The sciences are not soluble in poetry as metaphysics are. The fact, however, that great poets are most greatly moved by the profundities of life does not preclude them from dealing with it in a lighter fashion. Their comedy, as we have said, is apt to be dark under its dazzle, but they can turn their hands to mere chronicling. But this is not their *métier*, otherwise it would be difficult to explain the dulness of Æschylus's Seven against Thebes in comparison with the Prometheus, Agamemnon, or even the Persians; or the inferiority of Shakespeare's histories to his tragedies, romances, and best comedies. The water simply was not deep enough for them to swim in.

While the historical mind has been dominant for the last two or three generations, yet the importance of metaphysics is enough evidenced by the fact that Schopenhauer and his pupil Nietzsche are a fair set-off in influence and power to Darwin and his whole school of scientists. This may seem a strong assertion, but it will hardly be contradicted by anyone who is familiar with the trend of European thought.

We have associated the modern scientific movement with the historical mind; and, in fact, it is a phase of that side of man's nature. There are not wanting signs that the scientific movement is wearing out. It is not so confident, so dogmatic, as of old. Many of its best exponents are taking the back-track to metaphysics and religion. It has ceased to satisfy human needs, as for a time it seemed to do. Its very development is fatal to it. Everywhere it is up against an *impasse*. It looks out at the Universe — and it cannot explain Gravitation; the Nebular Theory breaks down; it is in doubt about the Wave Theory of Light; it is not sure as to the Conservation of Energy. And the Ether — what of that prodigious problem? Hydrogen gas weighs something like three hundred thousand tons to the cubic mile; yet if the ether only weighs one grain to the cubic mile, there is enough of it within the bounds of the known stars to make three hundred million Universes as great as ours is supposed to be. And the best scientific opinion says that its density is far beyond that of lead. The stars are merely fragile far-scattered foam-flecks on this immense ocean. Or turn to the other end of the scale. Investigate the littleness of things. Try to arrive at the size of the ultimate atom. The discovery of radium startled the world, and it is at least questionable whether its action is explainable by any atomic theory. But before it was known, there were facts that made material atoms seem impossible. Take the classic chemical example of a small quantity of musk perfuming a large chamber for years, yet losing no appreciable part of its weight. That was a radium of the nose. Or take the well-attested fact of a dog's scent. It is beyond question that certain dogs can, on being given a man's shoe or glove to smell, track the person for miles, through crossed tracks or amid crowded streets. If they are guided by a material effluvium, this must exist in a state of incredible tenuity. But these wonders are merely trifles. The thirtieth trituration of a drug is in common use in homœopathy. But the thirtieth trituration would have to be expressed by a decimal point with thirty ciphers,—in others words, a single drop of the original drug is, roughly speaking, diluted in a body of water equal to the orbit of the moon around the earth. And the drug tinctures and affects the whole mass, so that a portion of the mixture produces certain and definite results. But far "higher powers," as they are called, than the thirtieth trituration are used in homœopathy. There is a story of a Philadelphia physician who started as a young doctor with his vials filled with the regular dilutions of the drugs, and who never renewed them during a practice of sixty years. As his bottles began to ebb, he filled them up with water, shook them, and went on prescribing. The amount of the original drugs in final use could not be expressed in "numbers which have name." Hahnemann, in his "Organon," gives a recipe for a very powerful homœopathic dose. "Take a single pellet of a high potency of the required drug," he says, "place it in a vial, leave it tightly corked for a few hours, then unstop the bottle, place it to the nostril and inhale a single whiff of the medicated air."

But all these matters of terrestial experience leave us only on the threshold of the possibilities of the infinite divisibility of matter. There are nebulæ in the sky which, from their distance and apparent size, must be billions of miles in bulk; yet, plunged in the centre of these vast fields, a focal star or nuclei sends its light undimmed by any opposing obstacle. The matter in those prodigiously extended nebular clouds must be immeasurably more rare than that in a Crookes's vacuum tube. Yet their dreamy light has place and persistence in the universe. Is the world a spirit, or a thing of sense? The greatest English chemist recently said, "There is no matter," —formulating thus the dogma on which is founded the most amazing religious cult of modern times. What wonder, then, that men are again preparing to turn to metaphysics for something that may satisfy the reason and the soul?

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

MISTAKES OF BROWNING'S BIOGRAPHERS, with characteristic details of the poet's habits and family life, as communicated to Professor William Lyon Phelps by Mr. Barrett Browning at the latter's home near Florence in 1904, furnish matter for an interesting article in the January "Century." With Mrs. Orr's "Life and Letters" of the poet, says Mr. Phelps, the son and the sister "were both bitterly disappointed, and corrected the worst and most glaring mistakes, and made many suggestions. Mrs. Orr brusquely replied, 'I cannot change the proofs.'" Of Mr. Chesterton's book the poet's son "said the work was filled with errors; the mistake that appar-

ently perturbed him the most was the statement that Browning was in weak health and 'declining' in the last years. On the contrary, he insisted that Browning was tremendously vigorous up to the last; that no change had taken place in his appearance, manner, or habits. . . . During the last few days he told many good stories and talked with the utmost vivacity. There was never any 'decline,' and the son seemed almost fiercely to resent Mr. Chesterton's statement." With some surprise one learns of Browning's increasing hatred of his pen. In later years "his work became so distasteful to him that he would rather do almost anything else. He rose early, before his son; they had coffee together; then the father was never visible till lunch. He did all his composition and letter-writing in the morning. After lunch, he would not touch a pen if he could help it, and seemed always immensely relieved to have the morning's work over. He gave the impression of liking many things in life much better than poetry or literature." In the course of his talk the son justified his action in publishing his parents' love-letters. Mr. Phelps's incidental citing of "the uproar occasioned by Froude's printing of all the Carlyle letters" prompts one to remind him that Froude's error was one of exclusion rather than of inclusion, of misleading omissions and wilful distortions rather than of wholesale publication of the now famous letters, many of which have been given to the world since Froude's death and in consequence of his unfair suppressions and omissions. Mr. Phelps's excellent article appears to have been held back until after the death (last July) of him whose geniality and hospitality it so pleasantly pictures.

* * *

A NOBLE MONUMENT TO LINCOLN, which the world at large knows too little about, was recently erected by the State of Illinois in the fine Lincoln Hall, dedicated to the study of the humanities, at the University of Illinois. To be accurate, the dedication has not yet formally taken place, but is appointed for the coming anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. A "provisional program" of the dedicatory exercises, with a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing the new building, has already been sent out. Among the expected speakers are Professor Bliss Perry, of Harvard, Professor Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, of Columbia, Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of "The Review of Reviews," Dr. Hugh Black, various officials of the State and of the University, and, finally, in the place of honor at the end of the programme, Bishop McDowell of Chicago, who will make the address of dedication. It was four years ago, in the Lincoln centennial year, that the Illinois legislature appropriated a quarter-million dollars for the purposes of this Lincoln memorial, and to-day it stands, in the words of the official description, "one of the noblest monuments thus far erected in this country to our martyred president." Among its notable features are the ten terra-cotta panels across the front of the building, giving significant scenes from Lincoln's life, the Gettysburg address in brass letters sunk in the floor of the entrance hall, the numerous and well equipped study and class rooms, each with its special library and other aids to research, and the two museums, of classical archæology and art, and of European culture. Lincoln's expressed wish that his labors might conduce "to the preservation of those institutions under which alone we can expect good government and, in its train, sound learning and the progress of the liberal arts" finds in this building promise of a gratifying degree of fulfilment.

* * *

COLONEL ROOSEVELT ON THE HISTORIAN'S ART had things of moment to say in his late address before the American Historical Association at its annual convention in Boston. As was to have been expected from one whose veins pulse so ardently with life, whose zest for all that human experience has to offer of a wholesome sort is so keen, he dwelt especially on the "human appeal" (to use a hackneyed phrase) of the drama of history, and disparaged the strictly scientific school of historical research. "The true historian," he declared, "will bring the past before our eyes as if it were the present. He will make us see as living men the hard-faced archers of Agincourt and the war-worn spearsmen who followed Alexander down beyond the rim of the known world. We shall hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of the low-Dutch sea-thieves whose children's children were to inherit unknown continents. We shall thrill to the triumphs of Hannibal." In this vein the speaker continued at some length. Multitudes of readers will join in the applause at the following passage: "Many learned people seem to feel that the quality of readableness in a book is one which warrants suspicion. Indeed, not a few learned people seem to feel that the fact that a book is interesting is proof that it is shallow. This is particularly apt to be the attitude of scientific men. Very few great scientists have written interestingly, and these few have usually felt apologetically about it. Yet sooner or later the time will come when the mighty sweep of modern scientific discovery will be placed by scientific men with the gift of expression at the service of intelligent and cultivated laymen. Such service will be inestimable." All honor, however, to the hardy pioneer in science, whether the science of history or astronomy or chemistry or whatever other department of learning, who has neither time nor talent for being popularly interesting.

* * *

GREEK TRAGEDY IN THE GREEK MANNER, or what the best modern scholarship assumes to have been the Greek manner, has been delighting appreciative audiences at Cambridge, England. From the published accounts of the recent performance there of the "Œdipus Rex," it would seem that moderation, restraint, and a noble simplicity characterized the staging and acting of that fine drama. For instance, the final entrance of the king with

blinded eyes was free from disagreeable or exaggerated detail, and his crouching on the steps with his little daughter, while Creon, the new ruler of Thebes, stands above him, was an effective as well as somewhat novel bit of stage "business." Yet, as the London "Times" remarks, there was color and life in it all, as well as dignity. Costumes were rich and at the same time archæologically correct. "The lighting," continues this account, "is cleverly and simply managed. While the protagonists maintain the degree of stillness which the conditions of Greek tragedy demand, a certain amount of fluidity is attained by the movements of the chorus. There is no dancing; no waving of arms; none of the experiments that we have recently seen tried in London; but there is an almost constant gentle circulation of all or part of the chorus. And the chorus is so important a feature of a Greek play that we make no apology for putting them first among the players." The division of the play into three so-called acts, with a rather meaningless lowering and raising of the curtain to mark this division, was a concession to modern custom that must have seemed to many rather out of harmony with the spirit of the presentation as a whole.

. . .

WRESTLING WITH RHYME and telling off his syllables on his fingers, the poet, however inspired, must become conscious at times that even his loftiest strains have something of verse-carpentry about them. This prosaic necessity of paying careful heed to rhyme and rhythm forms the subject of an entertaining article from the pen of Professor Charles F. Richardson in the current "Yale Review." "The Morals of the Rhyming Dictionary," as he heads his remarks, gives many instances of oddities in English rhyme, and may well make a modern poet envious of the laxities freely allowed themselves by the elder bards. Herrick, for example, could rhyme *Julia* with *say*, but one must now be a very great poet indeed to escape censure for so comparatively slight an offense (more to the eye than to the ear) as the rhyme, *sister, vista*. In a piece of verse at this moment before us in a daily newspaper, occurs the rhyme, *lies, paradise*, which would have excited no remark in a Wyatt or a Waller, but today grates on the critical ear, although even Tennyson permits himself a similar license in rhyming *face* with *gaze*, and *peace* with *seas*. From the revolt against the tyranny of rhyme headed by Roger Ascham in 1570, and ended in 1603 by the publication of Samuel Daniel's "Defence of Rhyme," we have now reacted to what might seem the extreme limit. Is the pendulum likely to swing back again before long, and will assonance and other substitutes for the ear-tickling rhyme once more enjoy any degree of favor?

. . .

A PIECE OF LITERARY PORTRAITURE of unusual charm is among the good things in the current number of "The Harvard Graduates' Magazine." The grandson of her whose Shakespeare readings fired him who was to become the foremost of Shakespeare scholars to enter upon his "New Variorum" edition of the plays, draws in a few firm but delicate strokes the living likeness of his famous fellow-townsman, lately deceased. Mr. Owen Wister, Harvard '82, contributes a half-dozen most enjoyable pages on Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Harvard '54. Referring to the deaf scholar's keen appreciation of such apt colloquialisms as reached him through his silver ear-trumpet or in his reading, the writer says: "What breadth and liveliness of taste does this not show in a scholar whose early education and fifty years of deafness had given him an English by-gone, nearest kin to Charles Lamb's! For through the ear-trumpet talk was condensed and abbreviated of necessity, and thus from fifty years of never hearing the light turns of contemporary speech, his own quite special, quite charming, phraseology had about it something of lavender, something of mahogany." And of his relish for the humorous we read: "Some people do not laugh well, there is in their make-up something askew, and their performance is harsh, thin, or false; Dr. Furness laughed with a whole soul, musically and contagiously; I am sure that this cheered him often in his struggle through dark ways. He could tell anecdotes at his own expense until he and the listener would be rocking helplessly, tears of mirth coursing down their cheeks." Then follow a few personal anecdotes, mirthful and serious. Those who fail to read Mr. Wister's sketch will miss a treat.

. . .

HENRY CAREY BAIRD, nephew and disciple of the noted economist, Henry Charles Carey, and himself a prolific writer on subjects of finance and political economy, as well as a publisher of such works, departed this life with the going out of the old year. Philadelphia was the scene of his activities through a life of eighty-seven years. There he was born in 1825, there he went to school, and there at sixteen years of age he entered the publishing house of Carey and Hart, of which his uncle, Edward L. Carey, was head. In 1849 he established the house of Henry Carey Baird & Co., which he conducted to the end of his life. A zealous and well-informed advocate of protectionism, he was at the same time (as readers of Mr. George Haven Putnam's life of his father will have noted) strongly opposed to that full protection of authors' and publishers' interests which only adequate legislation, of international scope, can secure. He was one of the founders and leaders of the once vigorous Greenback Party, and he wrote "Fiat — the Sign and Token of Real Money." Also to be credited to his pen are "American and English Banking Contrasted," "John Sherman — A Critical Examination of his Claims to Statesmanship," "The South — Shall it Ever Become so far Civilized . . . ," "The Supreme Court of the United States on the Law of Association," and other pamphlet treatises. With us his memory lingers as of one who always had the courage of his convictions, however mistaken some of those convictions may have been; perhaps the more mistaken and the more hopelessly in the minority he was, the more resolute his stand.

A SCHOOLBOY'S PITIFUL PLEA, tending to show that not yet is there everywhere a perfect coöperation between public school and public library, appears in "The Chronicle" of Augusta, Georgia. These are the lad's words: "Why not the city of Augusta or the schools of the city have a large library? There is not a school in the city, grammar or high, that has a good library for their pupils to refer to. All that any of them have is an encyclopedia. Instead of having several books by different authors concerning one thing, they have an encyclopedia of five or six volumes concerning thousands of things. How do you expect us children to learn when we have nothing to learn from? What libraries we have contain more cheap novels and plays than anything else. I have not been able to find the needed books concerning the scientific departments and English and American literature anywhere in the city. I have seen several boys in the school I attend given zero by their teacher in the last three weeks for failing to bring in information they could not find. Why do not the schools of the city come together and erect a good library for the use of the school children if the city will not? I hate to find fault, but I hate to see a city as large as Augusta expect her children to become educated and do wonders in their schools when they have nothing to do with. Why not somebody make a move?" This ought to wake up the city fathers of Augusta, and, if given wider than local publicity, the governing bodies of other cities also.

* * *

THE BREAKING OF VIRGIN SOIL IN BIBLIOGRAPHY must be credited to Mr. Charles Evans, whose "American Bibliography," now in its seventh volume, presents in scholarly and handsome form a chronological list of "all books, pamphlets, and periodical publications printed in the United States of America from the genesis of printing in 1639 down to and including the year 1820, with bibliographical and biographical notes," and also with a statement of the "auction value" of each extant publication, so far as known. A circular from the compiler to librarians sketches the origin and growth of this monumental work. The need of such a bibliography was felt by Mr. Evans thirty years ago when he was himself engaged in library work, and he applied himself to the task of meeting the need, until at last, with a great mass of material collected, no new items were discoverable, and he became convinced of the approximate completeness of his data, so far as completeness was humanly possible. The volume just issued covers the years 1786–1789. Librarians and others interested in the work and not yet acquainted with it, should communicate with Mr. Evans at 1413 Pratt Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago.

* * *

THE SALE OF ANDREW LANG'S BOOKS, or of such of them as were not retained by the family, is reported as having taken place at Sotheby's in London, with the result that something short of nine hundred pounds was realized for three hundred and one lots, the highest price paid for any one book being forty-one pounds for Keats's "Lamia and Other Poems," first edition, with a slip inscribed by Lang, "The generous gift of a lady unknown to the beneficiary." Of books from his own pen, "The Black Thief" elicited the highest bid, eight pounds. "Very rare indeed; the author's only dramatic work," he had written on the catalogue slip. His "Ballads in Blue China," first edition, brought only thirty shillings. Of course there were many books on Scottish history, and others about the Maid of Orleans; but all these, pathetic reminders of his labors in his chosen fields, were sold at prices representing their intrinsic rather than their sentimental or associational value. The scattering of an author's library, especially its sale under the auctioneer's ruthless hammer, always seems a sort of sacrilege; and in this instance the books seemed to carry with them more of their former owner's personality than in the case of many a larger and more famous collection.

* * *

MILITANT METHODS OF SPELLING-REFORM are urged by the managing editor of the "Standard Dictionary," who believes the time has come for the reformers "to profit from the experience of their more aggressive sisters, the suffragets." This calls up fearful visions. Shops displaying signs or announcements in unreformed spelling, publishing houses unconverted to the phonetic faith, bookstores selling literature in the orthography of our fathers, schools teaching the said orthography, restaurants offering on their bills of fare "doughnuts" instead of "donuts"—these and a hundred other innocently offending establishments would become the scenes of window-smashing, head-breaking, and other angry antics. Peaceful citizens, suddenly challenged on the street to spell *pharyngitis* or *pharmacopœia*, would be liable to phrensied (or, rather, frenzied) assault with the first stammered *ph* from their trembling lips. Marching brigades of spelling-reformers would make the night shuddersome with their shrill slogan, and at all hours of the day the welkin might be subjected to the indignity of being made to ring with ear-piercing campaign songs, which would naturally take the form of stridently chanted spellings after the rules in force at No. 1 Madison Avenue. Truly, a terrifying prospect!

* * *

THE LURE OF THE SHOW-WINDOW, as utilized by booksellers as well as candy-dealers and haberdashers and others, might be made contributory to the public library's greater usefulness. Indeed, one such library in a certain large city — St. Louis, to be specific — before moving into its present palatial building (palaces have no show-windows) exulted in the possesion of six large plate-glass windows in a row, on the ground floor, looking onto the sidewalk; and these splendid display spaces were turned to good account for the exhibition of all sorts of tempting literary wares, with results gratifying to the head of the circulating department. But with the

library's removal to more stately quarters it necessarily ceased to lure the sidewalk-saunterer in the old way; and now Dr. Bostwick, the librarian, as quoted in the "Library Notes and News" of the Minnesota Public Library Commission, sorrowfully asks: "When, oh, when shall we have libraries (branches at any rate, if our main buildings must be monumental) that will throw themselves open to the public eye, luring in the wayfarer to the joys of reading, as a commercial window does to the delights of gum-drops or neckties?"

* * *

AN IMPENETRABLE LITERARY MYSTERY — or, at least, impenetrable until the Psychic Researchers shall succeed in getting into undoubted communication with the disembodied spirit of Charles Dickens — is the "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Many have essayed a solution of the problem how the unfinished novel was meant by its author to end; and Wilkie Collins's published attempt to answer the question is familiar to the reading public. The latest notable essay in the same field is that of Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, who is reported to have had access to new material bearing on the question, and he has written a book entitled "The Problem of Edwin Drood," which has just appeared on both sides of the Atlantic. It will find eager readers among those who delight in literary knots and tangles.

* * *

THE DISCOVERY OF UNPUBLISHED TURGENIEFF MANUSCRIPTS of considerable importance is reported from Russia. A close friend of the Russian author has recently died, and an examination of his personal effects reveals the existence of two unsuspected products of Turgenieff's pen,—one a drama without title, the other a novel bearing the name, "The Adventures of Captain Bubnof." The latter is described as "representing in a Romanesque fashion a true adventure taken from Russian low life," which may mean that here we have something in an entirely new vein from the author of "Spring Floods." At any rate, curiosity waits on the appearance, in print and in translation, of one or both of these unearthed treasures.

COMMUNICATION.

ILLINOIS HISTORY IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

May I take advantage of your space to correct some misstatements which I have found in the article on "Illinois" in the new (eleventh) edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"?

In the account of the discovery of the western country given in the course of the article it is said that "in 1672, Jacques Marquette, a Jesuit father, . . . explored the country around Chicago." This passage is followed by the account of the expedition led by Joliet and Marquette in the next year (1673). The writer thus states as a fact that Marquette had visited this region in the year previous to that in which the discovery of the Upper Mississippi and the "country around Chicago" was made. There is no hint of such a visit by Marquette given anywhere in the "Jesuit Relations"; Parkman makes no mention of it; and even J. G. Shea, whose exhaustive investigations concerning the activities of the missionaries is well known, seems to be unaware of any such visit in 1672. Indeed, the article entitled "Marquette" in the "Britannica" refers to the part taken by the missionary in these words: "In 1673 he was chosen with Joliet for the exploration of the Mississippi," etc., there being no mention whatever of a previous visit to the regions discovered. In Volume LIX., page 87, of the "Jesuit Relations" it is said that Father Marquette had long premeditated making a journey of discovery and exploration, having heard from the Indians who visited him at his mission on Lake Superior of the Great River and the nations of the West, and he had made "several efforts to commence this undertaking, *but ever in vain*," and then follows the account of the expedition of 1673.

It would also seem that the name of Marquette is made unduly prominent in the account of the discovery, the impression being given that he was the leader; whereas it is a fact that Joliet was the officer in command and Marquette the accompanying missionary, in accordance with the custom in all such expeditions sent out by the French. There was, indeed, "glory enough for both" in this great achievement, but the order in which their names should be given is to place Joliet's first. Shea, quoting Father Dablon, says that both Frontenac and Talon had "selected for the enterprise the Sieur Jollyet, whom they deemed competent for so great a design, wishing to see Father Marquette accompany him."

Further on in the course of this article on Illinois it is said that the explorers Joliet and Marquette (the writer of the article invariably places Marquette's name first), on their return from the discovery of the Mississippi, "ascended the Illinois river as far as Lake Peoria; they then crossed the portage to Lake Michigan." But surely they ascended the Illinois river to a point much farther north than Lake Peoria. Marquette himself in his journal says that the party found a village of Illinois Indians called Kaskaskia,—a name, by the way, which was afterwards transferred to another locality in the southern part of what is now the state of Illinois. This village was situated about where the town of Utica now stands, and from thence the explorers were guided by Indians to Lake Michigan. Of course it was possible even from the village mentioned to reach the lake over at least three different portages, though it is generally believed that they entered the lake by way of the Desplaines-Chicago portage. The statement, therefore, that the party made a portage into Lake Michigan from Lake Peoria cannot be correct.

It is said again that in the War of 1812 the Indians, owing to their dissatisfaction with the treaties of 1795 and 1804, espoused the cause of the British, "and in 1812 they captured Fort Dearborn on the present site of Chicago, and massacred many of the prisoners." This gives a distinctly wrong impression, and it would seem that an equally brief statement (if brevity was necessary) might have been made conveying a more accurate description. The fort was abandoned, not captured, and the garrison was massacred after it had left the fort. Neither the men composing the retreating force nor the women and children accompanying it were prisoners at any time previous to the attack, and only those who survived became prisoners.

J. SEYMOUR CURREY.

Evanston, Ill., January 9, 1913.

The New Books.

The Author of "Lavengro."*

On a cursory view, and from the standpoint of the average man, George Borrow's life seems curiously and unnecessarily disappointing. With an extraordinary facility in acquiring languages, with an intense enthusiasm for everything romantic, with the restlessness of the born wanderer, with a physique that allowed him when past seventy to swim in the icy waters of the fen ponds in Richmond Park, and with a marvellous knack of getting on terms of intimate intercourse with the romantic flotsam of a dozen races, he found only two opportunities for real service. The first was when the Bible Society sent him to Russia to edit a Manchu version of the New Testament. After his return from Russia he was sent to Spain to print and distribute the New Testament in Spanish. In both these enterprises Borrow showed such zeal, coupled with extraordinary business sense and ability in overcoming all the obstacles which those two dilatory and unfriendly governments could devise, that one can only marvel at the blindness of that agent of Providence, the British and Foreign Bible Society, in leaving "the door shut" upon such a signally gifted servant as George Borrow.

While at St. Petersburg, Borrow printed "Targum: or Metrical Translations from Thirty [actually, thirty-five] Languages and Dialects," a book remarkable for its wide range of sources, but hopelessly mediocre in metrical charm, and unfortunate in its place of publication, if Borrow had any idea of reaching an English audience. On his return from Spain Borrow made, in 1841, a moderate but promising beginning of literary fame by his "Zincali, or The Gypsies in Spain"—a venture along hitherto untravelled byways. This auspicious opening he followed up in 1842 by "The Bible in Spain," which was immediately and satisfyingly popular. Thus prosperously started on his career as man of letters, he disappointed the public of his own day by "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye"; did not increase his popularity by "Wild Wales"; and brought ridicule upon himself by his last venture, the "Romano Lavo-Lil," in 1874, which revealed the seeming paradox that, as Mr. John Sampson phrases it, "A great but careless linguist, Borrow was assuredly no philologist." After that he dropped out of sight so completely that the announcement of his death in July, 1881, startled people who knew his books, for they had thought him long since dead. Even Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, whose veracity has not usually been called in question, "lost caste" in the late seventies because he brazenly maintained that he had recently been in the company of Borrow and of Robert Latham, both of them men "who were well known to have been dead years ago."

On the face of the returns, then, George Borrow gave to the Bible Society seven years of his life, and for seventeen thereafter was engaged in writing books profitable to himself and delightful to the public; but the last fifteen years of his life, like the first thirty, were spent in aimless, discontented, unaccomplishing restlessness. Nevertheless, though the fact remains that the seven happiest and fullest years of his life were those he spent in the service of the Bible Society, his work has proved astonishingly permanent, and his fame and popularity have been steadily growing. The Manchu version of the New Testament which Borrow edited nearly ninety years ago is still in use. His "Zincali" attracted to the gypsies and to the study of Romani the very men who thirty years later were horrified by his "Romano Lavo-Lil." The German scholars have confined themselves to irony and exclamation points when dealing with Borrow's philology, but the English gypsy-scholars have all recognized and praised the wonderful sureness with which Borrow "sensed" gypsy ways and gypsy thought; in the words of "that perfect scholar-gypsy and gypsy-scholar," Francis Hindes Groome, "he communicates a subtle insight into Gypsydom that is totally wanting in the works" of others. Moreover, the books which disappointed Borrow's own generation have been steadily growing more popular. Sufficient evidence of the truth of this statement may be found in the fact that to-day seven British publishers issue complete editions of Borrow's works, and a half dozen others have on their lists "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain." It is not surprising, then, that in this year of grace—thirty-odd years after Borrow's death, and seventy years after the first appearance of "The Bible in Spain"—we have his "Letters to the Bible Society," and two new biographies, with a third in prospect.

*Letters of George Borrow to the Bible Society. Edited by T. H. Darlow. Illustrated. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

Life of George Borrow. By Herbert Jenkins. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

George Borrow: The Man and His Books. By Edward Thomas. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A glance at Borrow's bibliography will suffice to show that few men have been as successful as he in throwing about their simplest annals a veil of mystery. After his death in 1881 three friends — Whitwell Elwin, A. Egmont Hake, and Theodore Watts — sent to "The Athenæum" articles about him; and Mr. Hake later wrote for the "Dictionary of National Biography" a brief sketch, based on personal acquaintance, but with little access to material, and consequently furnishing only meagre details, some conjecture, and some positive misinformation. The first extended biography was Dr. William I. Knapp's "Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow," in two volumes. This appeared in March, 1899—eighteen years after Borrow's death,—and was issued appropriately in England by the house of Murray, which had published Borrow's seven chief books, and in America by the Putnams, who in 1843 had re-issued "The Bible in Spain." Dr. Knapp's equipment was in many ways exceptional. He was himself a good deal of a linguist, had travelled extensively in Spain, and was able to devote himself for several years to following in Borrow's footsteps. He had access to the considerable material in Mr. Murray's possession, acquired many MSS., and met many of Borrow's kinsmen and acquaintances. Unfortunately, Mrs. MacOubrey, Borrow's step-daughter, refused to communicate with him, and the officials of the Bible Society were unable to find Borrow's letters to them until (the bitter irony of it is almost tragic) a week after Dr. Knapp's book appeared!

In spite of this failure to get hold of some of the important documents, however, the book is likely to remain the basic life, because Dr. Knapp spoke with many people now dead, and visited many spots now changed, and because his pioneer work in tracing Borrow's wanderings, checking up his chronology, and running down his etymologies, is subject only to minor correction and revision. The defects of the book are that while it is elaborately and usefully documented, its procedure is analysis and dissection, so that we do not get as a total result a vividness or clearness of impression quite in keeping with what the real George Borrow indubitably was.

The next attempt at a life of Borrow was made by Mr. R. A. J. Walling of Plymouth, in 1908. His "George Borrow: The Man and His Work" gathers up a few sources of information denied to Knapp, but its chief service is in clearing the memory of Sir John Bowring from the mud with which Borrow's hatred had so liberally plastered it.

Now at last, some dozen years after their rediscovery, appear the "Letters to the Bible Society." This volume comprises 106 letters and four reports addressed to the Society or to its officials from Russia and Spain, connected and explained by much transcript from the records of the Society and from its letters to Borrow. Borrow's communications are given entire; one could wish that the Society's letters to him, especially the Rev. Andrew Brandram's, had not been condensed. Mr. Darlow says very truthfully that "certainly no other society ever possessed such an astonishing correspondent," and calls Borrow "this most remarkable of its servants." As Mr. Jenkins says:

> "In all probability the Bible Society has never had, and never will have again, an agent such as Borrow, who on occasion could throw aside the cloak of humility and grasp a two-edged sword with which to discomfit his enemies, and who solemnly chanted the creed of Islam whilst engaged as a Christian missionary. There was something magnificent in his Christianity; it savoured of the Crusades in its pre-Reformation virility. Martyrdom he would accept if absolutely necessary, but he preferred that if martyrs there must be they should be selected from the ranks of the enemy, whilst he, George Borrow, represented the strong arm of the Lord."

The effect which Borrow had upon the Rev. Andrew Brandram, as we see it reflected in this volume, excites both to mirth and to melancholy. The reverend Secretary was exactly what one would expect the holder of such a position in the thirties of the last century to be: sincere, zealous, rather obtrusively pious in manner and speech, without much imagination or ability to understand a man so entirely unconventional and untamed as Borrow. One of the many "tongues" to which Borrow turned his attention was the religious lingo current in Bible Society circles, and it is highly diverting to see the way in which Brandram was often moved to prayer and reproof by Borrow's imperfect mastery of its idioms. In his biography, Mr. Jenkins reproduces a capital silhouette of Brandram, which so exquisitely corresponds with the personality revealed in his letters that we suspect the Bible Society did not care to print it with the "Letters." Still, even when we put silhouette and correspondence together, we think the candid reader must agree with Mr. Darlow's carefully qualified statement that "though there was considerable demand on both sides for patience and tolerance, yet as a whole the relationship proved creditable to all parties concerned." But if we were called upon to characterize the Society's action in depriving itself of the further services

of Borrow, we hardly think our choice would fall upon the word "creditable."

It is difficult to say which section of these letters is the more absorbing,—those from Russia, which cover new ground for Borrovians, or the others, which furnish so much comparison with "The Bible in Spain." It is enough to say that Borrow made use of not more than one-third of the material of these letters, and that they—corroborated by the records of the Bible Society—show us not only Borrow the restless adventurer, with his strange and dramatic alternations of agonizing melancholy and hilarious exultation, but a Borrow hardly glimpsed elsewhere, a skilful diplomat, an expert man of affairs, possessed of almost superhuman energy and resourcefulness in carrying through the work of the Society.

Although Mr. Herbert Jenkins's "Life of George Borrow" appeared only a few weeks after the "Letters," Mr. Jenkins fortunately had free use of typewritten copies of them. In addition he unearthed much material in the Public Record Office, and received generous help from many Borrovians, a number of whom were able to get for him hitherto unpublished letters. All of this new material made it possible for Mr. Jenkins to write a Life which both corrects and supplements Dr. Knapp's, especially in the chapters on Borrow in Russia and in Spain. To this part of Borrow's life, indeed, Mr. Jenkins devotes nearly half his book. In truth, those seven years were the only ones in which Borrow put forth all his energies in successful effort—"concentrated" years, his biographer calls them. The pity of it is that from all accounts Borrow might just as well have had twice as many more like them.

The second biography is Mr. Edward Thomas's "George Borrow: The Man and His Books." Mr. Thomas claims to offer no new information about Borrow, and attempts "only a re-arrangement of the myriad details accessible to all in the writings of Borrow and about Borrow." Nevertheless Mr. Thomas has done at least two things that his fellow biographers have tried to do only incidentally: he has given a full-length portrait of Borrow, very largely in Borrow's own words, and on the background of the romantic and the unusual on which Borrow loved to present himself as the dominating figure; and he has analyzed Borrow's mind and style. Since in these two respects the book is a new departure in Borrovian literature, and since it finds ample justification in its success, let us quote a few sentences.

Of Borrow's style Mr. Thomas says (pp. 195–6):

"Very little of Borrow's effectiveness can seriously be attributed to this or that quality of style, for it will amount to saying that he had an effective style. But it may be permissible to point out that it is also a style that is unnoticeable except for what it effects. It runs at times to rotten Victorianism, both heavy and vague, as when he calls *El Greco* or Domenico 'a most extraordinary genius, some of whose productions possess merit of a very high order.' He is capable of calling the eye the 'orb of vision,' and the moon 'the beauteous luminary.' . . . The 'beauteous luminary' vein and the Biblical vein may be said to be inseparable from the long cloak, the sombrero, the picturesque romance of mystery of Spain, as they appeared to one for whom romance and mystery alike were never without pomp. But with all his rant he is invariably substantial, never aerial, and he chequers it in a Byronic manner with a sudden prose reference to bugs, or a question, or a piece of dialogue.

"His dialogue can hardly be overpraised. It is life-like in its effect, though not in its actual phrases, and it breaks up the narrative and description over and over again at the right time."

Of Borrow himself and the way he puts himself into his books, he says in his Conclusion (p. 317):

"He sings himself. He creates a wild Spain, a wild England, a wild Wales, and in them places himself, the Gypsies, and other wildish men, and himself again. His outstanding character, his ways and gestures, irresistible even when offensive, hold us while he is in our presence. In these repressed indoor days, we like a swaggering man who does justice to the size of the planet. We run after biographies of extraordinary monarchs, poets, bandits, prostitutes, and see in them magnificent expansions of our fragmentary, undeveloped, or mistaken selves. We love strange mighty men, especially when they are dead and can no longer rob us of property, sleep, or life: we can handle the great hero or blackguard by the fireside as easily as a cat.

"Borrow, as his books portray him, is admirably fitted to be our hero. He stood six-feet-two and was so finely made that, in spite of his own statement which could not be less than true, others have declared him six-feet-three and six-feet-four. He could box, ride, walk, swim, and endure hardship. He was adventurous. He was solitary. He was opinionated and a bully. He was mysterious: he impressed all and puzzled many. He spoke thirty languages and translated their poetry into verse.

"Moreover, he ran away. He ran away from school as a boy. He ran away from London as a youth. He ran away from England as a man. He ran away from West Brompton as an old man, to the Gypsyries of London. He went out into the wilderness and he savoured of it. His running away from London has something grand and allegorical about it. . . ."

In addition to the general mystery with which Borrow surrounded himself by vague allusions and by shuffling dates and incidents, he has left two special mysteries for Borrovians to speculate upon. One of these is the "veiled period" from 1825 to 1832. Dr. Knapp was able to show that

Borrow was in London and Norwich at various times during these seven years, so that he could not have been wandering all the time. Mr. Jenkins gathers up Borrow's various allusions to places which he visited, if at all, during these years, and comments (p. 77):

"It may be argued that Borrow was merely posing as a great traveller, but the foregoing remarks are too casual, too much in the nature of asides, to be the utterances of a poseur. A man seeking to impress himself upon the world as a great traveller would probably have been a little more definite. . . . There is every probability that he roamed about the Continent and met with adventures — he was a man to whom adventures gravitated quite naturally. . . ."

But Mr. Jenkins goes on to remark that, as the Foreign Office Records show, if Borrow went abroad, he certainly did so without obtaining a passport. Mr. Thomas thinks that

"A little too much has been made of this 'veiled period,' not by Borrow, but by others. It would have been fair to surmise that if he chose not to write about this period of his life, either there was very little in it, or there was something in it which he was unwilling — perhaps ashamed — to disclose; and what has been discovered suggests that he was in an unsettled state. . . . Borrow himself took no great pains to preserve the veil."

If we know all that we are to know, then it seems that Mr. Thomas's surmise is the right one — that "there was very little in it," for it seems incredible that "a man to whom," as Mr. Jenkins has reminded us, "adventure gravitated quite naturally," should have done very much wandering in those years without finding material for more than vague allusions; and that there was anything in them of which he was "ashamed" — except because of lack of romantic adventure — is extremely unlikely, when we recall how clean the rest of his life was, and especially how, in all his association with the riff-raff of Europe, he never descended to their level of speech or conduct, but maintained always his own respect and theirs.

The other mystery is the question, Did Borrow actually write in seven days the "Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveller"? Or is it merely one more of the "ghost books" that haunt our literature? Knapp thought it a short story; Mr. Jenkins believes in it. He comments (p. 55):

"In favour of the story having been actually written, is the knowledge that Borrow invented little or nothing. Collateral evidence has shown how little he deviated from actual happenings, although he did not hesitate to revise dates or colour events. The strongest evidence, however, lies in the atmosphere of truth that pervades Chapters LV–LVII of *Lavengro*. They are convincing. At one time or another during his career, it would appear that Borrow wrote against time from grim necessity; otherwise he must have been a master of invention, which everything that is known about him clearly shows that he was not."

Mr. Thomas says that "There is no evidence except that the account sounds true, and might very well be true." Inasmuch as Mr. Thomas has found "The Dairyman's Daughter," which Sir Richard Phillips commended to Borrow's attention, someone may some day find a copy of "Joseph Sell." Mr. John Sampson, it may be added, is entirely sceptical. In his Introduction to "The Romany Rye" he writes:

"The name 'Sell' which in some curious fashion seems to carry conviction to Professor Knapp's mind, seems to me a singularly inauspicious one, especially when coming from a writer who, like Pakomovna, was 'born not far from the sign of the gammon,' and who boasts in his appendix of having inserted deliberate misstatements in his books in order to deceive and mislead the critics."

For further light upon Borrow's life there seem to be left just two possible sources of information. No one has thus far been able to trace Borrow's letters to the one man with whom he seems to have been really intimate — the Dane, John Hasfeldt, whom he first met in St. Petersburg. Are those letters still in existence? If they are, they should be almost worth all the rest. The other source is in what may have been left in the hands of Borrow's stepdaughter Henrietta, Mrs. MacOubrey. She died at Great Yarmouth in 1904, and in 1907 Mr. Clement Shorter announced that "All her literary effects, including many interesting MSS., have been passed on to me by her executor, Mr. Hubert Smith, and these will be used in my forthcoming biography of Borrow." This biography was announced for issue a year ago, but Mr. Shorter has written that it will not appear before next spring at the earliest. He does not divulge what light these MSS. may throw upon the questions we have touched on; but if he makes as good a biography as either of the two here reviewed, he will have the gratitude of all good Borrovians — a tribe that increaseth daily.

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

A GREAT ART GENIUS SELF-REVEALED.*

Although there have been six French editions of Rodin's "Conversations," the "most important art work of years," it is only now that we have the book in an English translation. Rodin, greatest of the moderns though he is, has until recently been very inadequately appreciated in

*ART. By Auguste Rodin. Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

England and far too little known in America. Now at last we have a fine collection of his most representative sculpture in the New York Metropolitan Museum, and through that and the present book we can begin to study the man and his work as both deserve.

The volume just published in so magnificent a dress consists of a series of talks between the master and his admiring disciple, Paul Gsell, — conversations delightfully set, sometimes in Rodin's old *château* at Meudon, sometimes in Paris either at the Louvre or at the studio in the Hôtel Biron. The sculptor does what few artists have been willing or able to do, he analyzes his own impulses and ideas, explains their formulation in his works, and indicates their relation to modern life and to the art of other periods. This unusually frank and generous self-revelation is of course the most interesting element in the book.

The man appears as a vehemently sincere and philosophical student of reality, the centre of whose belief is in constant work carried on by the inspiration of a universal sympathy and by a method which is an unexhausted probing of surface actualities in the search for their subtlest meanings. As Mr. Bernard Shaw says, in a recent witty review in the London "Nation," "Rodin . . . knows what is important and what is not, and what can be taught and what cannot; . . . apart from the acquired skill of his hands, which he shares with any stone mason, he has only two qualifications to make him the divinest workman now living. One is a profounder and more accurate vision than anyone else's. The other is an incorruptible veracity." The vision, Rodin insists again and again, is the result of the veracity. If the first commandment of an artist's religion is, he says, to understand thoroughly the modeling of a leg or an arm, it is because without ceaseless striving for an exact knowledge of forms the artist can never hope to convey successfully the significance of his work, his own sense of its inner spirit. Nature, tirelessly watched and questioned and interpreted, makes it possible for the sculptor or the poet or the musician in his poem,—whether the medium be bronze or words or tone,—to raise the veil a little from the face of life, and in particular to show us something of the value of the emotions that are our deepest experiences. And it is by this illumination cast fearlessly into every nook and cranny of our world, that the artist group serve their fellow-men.

The philosophic theory touched upon throughout this æsthetic is as alive and modern as the figures in which the sculptor has best expressed it and himself. Instinct and intuition, those long-despised human tools which speculation is only just beginning to rank equally with intelligence, are understood as playing an important part in our comprehension of reality. Something very like the "will to power" of Nietzsche, the *élan vital* of Bergson, is conceived as working itself out in the complex unity of our struggling life, giving to its every manifestation an infinite value, and apprehended by us through our warmest feelings quite as intensely, indeed more intensely, than by our coolest thoughts. It is because to a passionate sympathy nothing is meaningless or ugly that Rodin so emphasizes tolerance of judgment, so insists on a broadening of our appreciations that will compel us to see a terrible beauty even in so deformed a wreck as "Le vieille Heaulmière." Surely her creator has shown that the old woman carries a poignant history in herself, not only of her own career but of the age that made her possible. His mission (the religious term is not ill-applied to an ideal envisaged with so much fervor) Rodin describes as this apprehending of individual values and the attempt to communicate them to his contemporaries. Since he sees further than he has yet taught most of us to see, his work, like that of every other seer, has naturally been regarded askance by his generation and labeled ugly and immoral by those who do not understand it. Everything new is strange and uncomfortably puzzling to us habit-ridden and unadventurous creatures, — every unaccustomed freedom, especially of bodily pose or motion, is by the majority eyed suspiciously when not hastily covered up or severely frowned down. From this public conservatism springs the ancient and yet ever-fresh controversy over the relation of art to morality. But the old problem never troubles a creative genius; he leaves its solution to the critics and is content to go on formulating truths as he grasps them, sure that from the new paths he is hewing out, our view of nature will slowly widen and deepen.

If Rodin had his way we would all be artists. His Utopia, like William Morris's, is founded on a vision of universal creative joy. Would it not be delightful, he says, if every man could take the pleasure in his particular task that the artist takes in his? Then we should have carpenters who rejoice in the sawing of beams, masons revelling in the cutting of stones, teamsters finding satisfaction in treating their beasts well. If more of such joy-bringing enthusiasm for individual

work were prevalent, more of us would "walk the earth like gods," with eyes for the numberless marvels before us; to more of us would be given the sympathy and the vision that are the essence of the artist's mind.

It is impossible in the brief compass of this notice to suggest more than the central point of view of this wonderfully stimulating and suggestive book; the artist will find in the volume itself endless delight, and to the layman it will open many fresh interests. The very beautiful illustrations, which include two portraits and numerous reproductions of small studies not found in the French editions, add great value to the text; the half-tones are perhaps not so successful as those in the less pretentious Paris publication, but the photogravures are much finer. Unfortunately, the English text has none of the charm of the original; it is a literal rendering of M. Gsell's lively idioms, but so faithful to Gallic turns of phrase as to sound foreign in English and not a little stiff and ungraceful. Delicate shades of meaning, playful turns of wit, exuberance of enthusiasm,—all these qualities of the original are here levelled into the somewhat plodding style of a conscientious linguistic student. Yet even through so disappointing a medium there glows the spirit of the book's author, his whole-hearted worship of life and its beauty, his undaunted devotion to his difficult ideal.

WINIFRED SMITH.

LORD BYRON AS A SATIRIST.*

The "noble minor" whose "Hours of Idleness" received the lash in the "Edinburgh Review" of 1807, and who was stung by the censure (of Jeffrey, as he thought) into becoming a poet more worthy of consideration, had enjoyed little training of the proper sort for the career of letters—as indeed he afterwards disclosed:

> "And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
> My springs of life were poisoned."

It is common to make a sharp antithesis between "life" and "books"—between the discipline in school and the discipline without; but it is also vulgar, and we cannot justify the antithesis by reason. Unfortunate in his early surroundings, unsettled in his schooling, Byron grew up an omnivorous and uncritical, though biased, reader, with a long memory for the substance of history, epic poetry, and the drama; but he had a slipshod verbal memory that interfered with the precision of his acquirements, and he lacked the fine sense for the use of words which represents an inner clarity of thought and definiteness of emotion, and which distinguishes the poet from the occasionally felicitous rhymster—which distinguishes Horace, whom as a boy he "hated so," from the author not only of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," but of "Beppo," "Don Juan," "The Vision of Judgment," and even "Hints from Horace," written at a time when the Roman poet had become an object of Byron's admiration. If one's springs of life are so poisoned as to be permanently vitiated, if mind and heart are so undisciplined that the brain at length becomes

> "In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
> A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame"

(whatever that may mean), the flow of language from such a well is unlikely to be English pure and undefiled.

The truth is, even when he has become more stoical, Byron is no literary artist; he often loses control of his medium, and often carelessly abuses it. If Tennyson and Milton, for example, in the use of words and figures, and indeed in every element of style, exhibit the sureness of touch that characterizes a great painter like Rembrandt or Da Vinci in the laying on of pigments, or a great composer such as Beethoven in the choice and arrangement of musical notes, Byron by comparison is wholly lacking in sensitiveness as to the details of the English language and its syntax. Now, to return, this sensitiveness is largely a matter of early discipline of heart and head, and in the mature writer is an element of his personality. It is an element in Swift, as in Juvenal or Horace. It is an element in the character of a great satirist, as it is in that of a tragic or an epic poet. Even though the satirist debases his medium, and for his own purposes departs from the accepted usage, he must do so with a full, and not a fumbling, sense of what is right.

And yet, if he was trained for anything, Byron was trained for the writing of satire. His poetry has its immediate roots in the poetry of "The Anti-Jacobin"; its models, so far as the native literature is concerned, are to be found in Pope and Dryden; his best efforts sprang from the influence, direct or indirect, of the Italian school of Berni and Pulci; he was not untouched by the severer part of Dante; and he ultimately harks back to Juvenal and Horace. With the main body of European satire, outside of the Middle Ages, Byron was more or less familiar; some

*LORD BYRON AS A SATIRIST IN VERSE. By Claude M. Fuess, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

authors, as Horace and Pulci, he studied with attention. Nor is it without significance that the opening of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is an imitation of the first two lines in Juvenal. Byron had also seen the world, as the saying goes—not Plato's world, nor more than a third of Dante's, and hardly so much as the world of Lucian. He knew "life"—not an abundant life, not life seen steadily and as a whole, but life externally diversified and shifting. He knew men, including certain good men like Scott and Moore, and was interested in them—though not in Christian men as such nor in virtuous women. In the region where satire has interests in common with literary criticism (which is also a criticism of life), Byron eventually gained some special knowledge. He is not unacquainted with certain documents of great significance in poetical theory. He translated and adapted the "Ars Poetica" of Horace, and can speak jocularly of the treatises of Aristotle and Longinus. At the same time, he regards the theory of literature as a set of arbitrary rules and precepts, not as a body of living principles; and his own critical estimates and predictions in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" turned out to be mainly wrong—as Aristophanes's criticism of Æschylus and Euripides did not. Nevertheless, Byron is in vital contact with literary tradition in many important ways; and in respect to his satiric vein particularly he merits special study.

Such study has been accorded him by Dr. Claude M. Fuess, whose work, entitled "Lord Byron as a Satirist in Verse," is an outgrowth of certain investigations pursued at Columbia University in the field of English satire, especially that of the eighteenth century. His book appears in the series of "Columbia Studies in English and Comparative Literature."

In his collection of facts relating to the activity of Byron as a satirist Dr. Fuess has shown commendable industry; nothing of great importance seems to be omitted. Moreover, the material has been arranged in good order; and the style of the monograph, if it betrays no unusual distinction, is clear and straightforward, and is pleasant to read. Direct references to Byron and his works are adequately supplied in the footnotes. One could wish that all references to other matters of fact, and to various authorities consulted, were given as fully. The allusion to Professor Tucker on page 2 is insufficient; the attribution of "The Simpliciad" to Richard Mant, on page 62, needs substantiation from a recent article on the subject—if there is a reference to that article elsewhere in the monograph, I have missed and cannot find it, for the Index is inadequate; and there are other small defects of a like nature. The Bibliography "includes only the more important sources of information" for the treatise. It does not include "La Légende de Don Juan" by Georges Gendarme de Bévotte, which ought to have been consulted. Chapter XI. of that work is indispensable to every student of Byron, and bears directly upon the subject of investigation selected by Dr. Fuess. Nor does the list include the "Studien über Byron und Wordsworth" of F. H. Pughe, which contains something to the purpose. In the main, however, this number of the Columbia Studies may be characterized as honest, painstaking, and substantial.

When we come to the more philosophical aspects of the subject, Dr. Fuess leaves something to be desired. They who wish to understand Byron as a satirist must possess a first-rate acquaintance with Latin satire, above all with that of Juvenal, if not with Greek satire and Lucian; and they who, in particular, would like to set a value on the satiric literary criticism of Lord Byron, or any other modern poet, had best begin by studying Aristophanes, especially in the "Frogs." In the work of Dr. Fuess there is no indication that he has properly considered Byron with reference to a classical background. Two or three allusions to the Roman poet are not enough to put the modern in a due perspective. And there is no mention of Aristophanes. Now Byron may or may not have undergone much influence from the Greek, though he personally knew two translators, Frere and Mitchell, of "a certain comic poet," regarded the version of Mitchell as "excellent," and at least on one occasion borrows from the "Clouds"; there is some evidence, too, of his interest in Lucian. If we divided all the English poets according to their tendencies and likings into Greeks and Romans (and it is no bad division for the comparative study of literature), Byron, of course, would be labelled a Roman. But whatever his bias, and whether he has read Greek or Latin, or both, or neither, in the observation and comparison of literary types we are bound to examine him primarily with reference to ultimate rather than proximate standards. Dr. Fuess has carefully followed out the indebtedness of Byron to the mock-heroic verse of Pulci and the rest of the Italians—a task well worth doing in detail, although the French work on Don Juan, noted above, sketches the topic in a masterly fashion. Yet

this is not enough. We must have a standard for Berni and Pulci, too. And, not to trench upon the disputed question of the Greek or Latin origin of satire, we must draw our standard in the main from classical writers, and, of these, in the main from Juvenal — not because he was "conventional," or had followers who were uninspired, but because he marked out certain lines which satire must take, so long as human nature remains the same.

In Roman satire, these lines are unmistakable, hence we find in Juvenal the topics, treated with some regard to unity and coherence, to which Byron continually returns — since it is his misfortune never to have done with a given phrase or subject. But more than this, we find in Roman satire that the nature of the type is not alone what Dr. Fuess seems to think it. The essence of satire is not alone to be destructive. The proper effect of it is also partly indicated by the familiar Latin term, *satura lanx*, suggesting the full platter of various comestibles, including things tart, and savory, and even sweet — and not all bitter. Such are the sights and sounds of a monstrous city, though we must confess there is little that is savory in Juvenal's description of Rome. Yet one may compare Byron's representation of London in Canto 11 of "Don Juan" with the third satire of Juvenal, or indeed with one or other of the modern imitations of that famous dish — Johnson's "London," for example, or perhaps Book Seventh of Wordsworth's "Prelude." If Canto 11 of "Don Juan" shows Byron at or near his best as a satirist (and Dr. Fuess thinks well of this and the following cantos), it must be confessed that he is far behind both Johnson and Wordsworth not only in power of construction but also in wealth and choice of detail.

Turning to one or two minor points, we may say, first of all, that Dr. Fuess clearly underrates the mock-heroic "King Arthur and his Round Table" of Hookham Frere — as Byron did not underrate it. In point of time, we must remember, it lies between the brilliant work of Frere for "The Anti-Jacobin" and his even more brilliant translation of Aristophanes. Nor does there seem to be any good reason for going behind Byron's own opinion that his reading of "the ingenious Whistlecraft" (i. e., Frere) led him to write in the vein of Berni and Pulci. In fact, to the present writer it would seem that the supple spirit of Frere has better adapted itself to the mock-heroic *ottava rima* of the Italians than either Merivale or Byron. Even so, if one had not read Whistlecraft, one might credit the following stanza to Byron himself, except that the style is more correct than is usual with him. Incidentally it helps to illustrate the theory of satire:

"We must take care in our poetic cruise,
And never hold a single tack too long;
Therefore my versatile ingenious Muse
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety."

Compare also the delicate irony at the beginning of Canto 3:

"I've a proposal here from Mr. Murray —"

which has quite the tone of Byron's communications to the same publisher.

Again, Dr. Fuess is unable to see why Byron continued to attach so much importance to his "Hints from Horace"; but to me, at all events, this adaptation constitutes one of the permanent gifts of Byron to English literature.

Finally, I cannot help believing that Dr. Fuess on the whole has rated Byron's satire too highly, partly because of a conventional attitude to the poet which has arisen on the Continent. There, Byron has been overpraised, simply because very good critics who speak and think in another language cannot have a sure feeling for the niceties of English, and are unaffected by such a manner as would disgust them in their own tongue. As for his substance, or what underlies it, his standards of judgment, Byron, after all, as Dr. Fuess remarks, is negative. He whips hypocrisy and vice, but does not by implication magnify virtue. His *saeva indignatio* is not, like that of Juvenal, supported by a basic love of rectitude and decency. One could not say of Juvenal what Praed makes Byron say of himself — properly enough in the very stanza which Byron took from Whistlecraft and the Italians:

"But I have moved too long in cold society,
Where it 's the fashion not to care a rush;
Where girls are always thinking of propriety,
And men are laughed at if they chance to blush;
And thus I 've caught the sickness of sobriety,
Forbidden sighs to sound, and tears to gush;
Become a great philosopher, and curled
Around my heart the poisons of the world.

"And I have learnt at last the hideous trick
Of laughing at whate'er is great or holy;
At horrid tales that turn a soldier sick,
At griefs that make a Cynic melancholy;
At Mr. Lawless, and at Mr. Bric,
At Mr. Milman, and at Mr. Croly;
At Talma and at Young, Macbeth and Cinna —
Even at you, adorable Corinna!

"To me all light is darkness;—love is lust,
Painting soiled canvas, poetry soiled paper;
The fairest loveliness a pinch of dust,
The proudest majesty a breath of vapor;
I have no sympathy, no tear, no trust,
No morning musing and no midnight taper
For daring manhood, or for dreaming youth,
Or maiden purity, or matron truth."

LANE COOPER.

THE LIVING MACHINE.*

Everyone who undertakes to philosophize, even mildly, about biological matters is presently compelled to make up his mind about a very puzzling question. Of course, nobody settles the question by making up his mind. But everyone can, and in fact does, settle what shall be his attitude or point of view respecting this fundamental question of the form of the vital equation. There are three, and essentially only three, possible decisions. Either

> Life = Inorganic matter + physico-chemical energy and forces + *nothing more whatsoever*,

which is the mechanistic conception of life; or

> Life = Inorganic matter + physico-chemical energy and forces + a special *vital* element different in kind, and *in toto*, from everything not living,

which is the vitalist's rendering of the equation of life; or, finally,

> Life = Inorganic matter + physico-chemical energy and forces + $f(x)$, where x denotes the great *unknown* beyond the boundaries of the meagre store of knowledge of life which biological science has so far accumulated,

which is the position of the rational agnostic, who simply believes that the present state of knowledge does not warrant him in definitely asserting that x is what either his vitalistic or his mechanistic friends say it is.

The distinguished biologist Jacques Loeb is one of the most ardent and uncompromising of living advocates of the first rendering of the equation. As such, he was invited to address the First International Congress of Monists held in Hamburg in September, 1911. His paper, "The Mechanistic Conception of Life," gives the title to a book which brings together ten papers and addresses originally published at various times during the last twenty years. The general purpose is to furnish a popular presentation of some of the chief results of the author's investigations. The essays touch more or less closely upon all the great fields of biology. The Monist Congress address serves as a general introduction and survey of the problems. The next three papers deal with the functioning of the nervous system and psychology. Then follows a lecture on experimental morphology, first printed in 1893, in which experiments are described to show that the laws of form production and organization are derived "from the common source of all life phenomena, i. e., the chemical activity of the cell." The next three essays deal with different aspects of what are perhaps Professor Loeb's most brilliant investigations, those on artificial parthenogenesis, which is an intensified way of speaking about the causation of the development of offspring without paternal participation. The ninth essay belongs essentially in the same group as the preceding three, though it deals specifically with "Role of Salts in the Preservation of Life." The concluding address, on the "Influence of the Enviironment on Animals," was delivered at the Darwin Celebration in Cambridge. It is included, no doubt, to show us how the mechanist looks at the broad problems of evolution.

While this book thus ranges well over the whole field of biology in its subject matter, it attains a degree of unity not to be found in many works of much more limited scope. This comes from the insistent maintenance of the same viewpoint, regardless of what may be the problem attacked, or what may have been the conventional way of looking at it before. Professor Loeb states at the beginning of the first paper that its object is "to discuss the question whether our present knowledge gives us any hope that ultimately life, i. e., the sum of all life phenomena, can be unequivocally explained in physico-chemical terms." It might with equal fairness be said to have been the object of the author's working life to answer this same question. Every experiment has been planned to bear on this problem.

With such a whole-souled devotion to a basic leading idea it could but be expected that results would follow. Such, in fact, has been the case to a remarkable degree. However much one may disagree with Professor Loeb as to the general and fundamental conclusions to be drawn from his experimental results, and some biologists do disagree, no one can deny that his work has had a profound influence on the progress of biological science during the past twenty-five

* THE MECHANISTIC CONCEPTION OF LIFE. Biological Essays. By Jacques Loeb, M.D., Ph.D., Sc.D. University of Chicago Press.

years. It has opened up new fields of research, and has given new angles of approach to old problems. His first work on the reactions of organisms to stimuli may fairly be said to have given the start to the modern development of the analytical study of animal behavior and comparative psychology. His theory of tropisms, to which one chapter of the present book is devoted, has been a *Streitfrage*, in the battling over which a host of new facts about how animals actually do respond to forces has been brought to light. The researches on the causation of the development of the egg through chemical and physical means have given an altogether new conception of the fundamental nature of the process of fertilization. The investigations regarding the influence of the chemical elements singly and in various combinations on the vital processes of living tissue have had far-reaching consequences for scientific medicine and experimental physiology, not only on account of the novelty and value of the results obtained, but also because they have furnished a new way of attacking problems. The salient results of all this research when looked at as a whole, as is possible in such a book as the present one, certainly make an imposing record of achievement.

As has been intimated above, there are perhaps fewer who will follow to the end Loeb, the philosopher, than will gladly go with Loeb, the biologist, and indeed wish for the indefinite extension of so profitable a journey. The difficulty is that to many minds the step from the utmost that is now known of the physics and chemistry of living material to the somewhat bitter end of the mechanistic philosophy, which avers that "we ourselves are only chemical mechanisms," is too wide to be gracefully accomplished. The contentions of the mechanist may be entirely true, but to some it seems wiser to wait a bit, without in the least prejudging the case to the detriment of either the mechanist or the vitalist.

RAYMOND PEARL.

TO THE rapidly growing literature on eugenics Mrs. La Reine Helen Baker contributes a small volume with the title, "Race Improvement or Eugenics: A Little Book on a Great Subject" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). In eight short chapters dealing with such topics as "Heredity and Environment," "Marriage," "The Possibilities of Race Improvement," etc., she gives a distinctly readable introduction to the subject, and makes a forceful plea for the wider extension of eugenic ideals. The object of the book is frankly to win converts. Its appeal, in consequence, is quite as much to the emotions as to the intellect. Two appendices deal respectively with "Maternity Maintenance" and "Sterilization of the Unfit."

THE PLAYS OF STRINDBERG.*

To understand and appreciate to the full Johan August Strindberg, one should be a late-nineteenth century Swede, an *habitué* of Parisian society, a dabbler in all sciences, something of a genius oneself,—and more or less divorced. Failing in all these qualifications, the present writer approaches his task with a humble spirit. He might even have been catalogued by Strindberg among the "right-minded," though I trust not. One may still love his wife (at least in America), and entertain an old-fashioned enthusiasm for marriage without deserving the epithet of "right-minded." In the worst event, I have the virtue of my defects,—that is, I am conscious of them and can be on my guard.

In the first place, no one can read a play of Strindberg's without receiving an intellectual jolt. There comes the startling conviction that here is the transcript of a great mind. One may or may not agree that what one reads is great drama or great literature; but there is no doubt that the big, restless, cutting, probing spirit of the man who wrote it is a stupendous human spectacle. It is common for critics to see in Strindberg a type—the restless, honest pessimism of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, an epoch recognized by most contemporaneous philosophers as a "transitional era." This is true in a very real sense; and still I find Strindberg, of all recent writers, *sui generis*. Nowhere else have I come upon such utter desolate pessimism; but it is an earnest pessimism: there is nothing of the fermentation of the cynic in it. On every page is the nervous anxiety to find happiness, joined to the rational despair of finding it. The writer does not seem like a man who has turned bitter because his own life disappointed him (though no doubt that was tragic); his pessimism is biological, and so complete. He feels that life has missed fire,—that the Almighty, or whatever corresponds, made in the

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*PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Comprising: Miss Julia, and The Stronger, in one volume; Creditors, and Pariah, in one volume; There Are Crimes and Crimes. Each translated from the Swedish, with Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PLAYS OF AUGUST STRINDBERG: The Father; Countess Julie; The Outlaw; The Stronger. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. With frontispiece. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

EASTER, AND STORIES. By August Strindberg; translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. With portrait. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

LUCKY PEHR. A Drama in Five Acts. By August Strindberg. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. With portrait. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

beginning a miscalculation from which we shall all suffer to the end of time, guilty and innocent alike. It is the Slough of Despond into which his early materialism dumped him, and from which his later Swedenborgian mysticism was powerless to extricate him, apparently driving his feet deeper into the slime. He reached the rock-bottom of despair, the antipodes of faith.

It should not be inferred from what has been said that there is no pleasure in the reading of these plays. "The pleasure, I assure you, is negligible," as Mr. Queed said to Sharlie when her big mastiff was rolling him around in the street; but nevertheless it is real. The student of life must ever find the entertainment satisfactory when a big man like Strindberg gives the world what "is coming to it,"—and more. Even though the beating may seem undeserved, it is impossible to withhold admiration for the honesty and courage behind the blows. Karl XV. admired the viking spirit of "The Outlaw," and no one can miss the same god-defying independence and solemn man-reliance throughout all the work of this mighty modern Swede. For all that, he is intensely vulnerable at one point, which shall be touched later.

"The Stronger," an episode in one scene, seems to me the strongest dramatically of the plays here considered. The target is neither high nor low nor far, but the scene hits the bull's-eye. It is a small thing, and the form is a dramatic miniature; but its perfection makes it notable for all that. Its simplicity is unique: a waitress brings a cup of chocolate, Mrs. X speaks and Miss Y remains silent. That is all; and anything more would be too much.

"The Outlaw" is a scene from the early conflict between Paganism and Christianity in the North. It shows promise of the author's later and better historical work in its considerable dramatic intensity. But all the figures, with the exception of the outlaw, are "lay"—fully as wooden as the figure-head on the viking's ship. The daughter's independence toward her lover, an important bit of the complication, is belied by her frightened subservience to her father; and all the action at the last becomes muddy and unconvincing. Moreover, it is difficult to discover any meaning to the whole, for the attitude of the young writer shifts with the wind, now directing a satire against Christianity, and now subscribing conventionally to its faith. But the sketch of the Outlaw is good, and very likely one should ask nothing more of this kind of play.

"The Father" and "Miss Julia" are the most important of the works under discussion; in fact they are usually regarded as Strindberg's greatest plays. The extravagant encomiums bestowed upon the former will prove somewhat of a bewilderment to many readers in America, especially those of the "Philistine" "right-minded" type. The play is saturated with the darkest misogamy. The theme, that no father is sure of his own fatherhood, is the final cause of the Captain's madness. The wife, who shows traces (but only traces) of a type, is a creature who appears to believe genuinely that she is justified in her persecutions and harassments. Mr. Edwin Björkman, the translator, in one of his admirable introductions, says that Strindberg placed woman midway biologically between the man and the child. In this I do not seriously question his science. But Laura, who unquestionably represents Woman Fighting for her Offspring, is not midway betwen the man and the child; she is somewhere between the ape and the tiger. The whole thing lacks edification, and fails to convince that there was ever such a silly strong man as the Captain, or such a good devilish wife as Laura; and it is at least an open question whether the play possesses enough general truth to give it literary value.

"Creditors," belonging to the same middle "Naturalistic" period of Strindberg's work, presents the like wholesale strictures on woman. Tekla is a chameleon, taking character from the lapel of the coat of him on whose breast she happens to be leaning. Even Mr. Björkman doubts if there ever was a Tekla in real life. There is a word of wisdom in this play which Strindberg must have written under a spell, for throughout his work elsewhere he appears unconscious of it:

"*Tekla.* What you mean with all this, of course, is that you have written my books.

"*Adolph.* No, that's what you want me to mean in order to make me out a liar. I don't use such crude expressions as you do, and I spoke for something like five minutes to get in all the nuances, all the halftones, all the transitions — but your hand-organ has only a single note in it.

"*Tekla.* Yes, but the summary of the whole story is that you have written my books.

"*Adolph.* No, there is no summary. You cannot reduce a chord into a single note. You cannot translate a varied life into a sum of one figure. I have made no blunt statements like that of having written your books."

One cannot escape the feeling that Strindberg's powerful instrument reduces the chord of Tekla and Laura to a single note.

"Miss Julia," as far as construction goes, deserves all the praise it has been accorded. Its unity and mass are admirable in their art, —

even if, like all art, they are a bit unnatural. The long and famous introduction by Strindberg is extremely interesting, and pregnant with practical suggestions in stage-craft. The translator, too, deserves the grateful homage of an English-reading public for an extraordinarily brilliant translation. I judge little or nothing is lost in bringing the work to us from the Swedish. Take it all in all, "Miss Julia" represents Strindberg's peculiar genius in one of his most successful climaxes, so it is significant. Still, even "Miss Julia" does not quite bear out the promise of the elaborate introduction and the play's immense reputation. Strindberg admits, or announces rather, that he has made Julia an "exception to prove a rule"—a sort of thing, by the way, that seems difficult to square with pedestrian logic. She decidedly impresses us as an exception, and there are so many contributing causes suggested for her lapse and consequent tragedy that we are bewildered and chagrined. Her mother's shady past, her father's foolish ideas of education, her own complex nature, her insulation against decent marriageable men, the license of the Midsummer's Night dance, her father's absence, Jean's superficial gentlemanliness,—all these things, we are asked to believe, combined and brought it about that Julia most brazenly threw herself into the arms of an unimaginative boor, and was afterward shaken by alternating currents of remorse, passion, ecstasy, and hatred, ending in the deepest self-loathing and, presumably, suicide. We agree that it may be true, but what of it? It merely goes to show that nature and chance and the author can form a combination too much for a human girl. Miss Julia is honorable,—nay more, noble. It is because of her nobility that her tragedy is a real one. Nevertheless, it is difficult to sympathize with those who find this play "too sad." Julia is too great an exception to feel sad over. It is very good realism, but it is not reality.

This brings us to the touch-stone. Is there nothing but sex, sex, sex to write about? Why do all roads in modern fiction and drama lead into lovers' lanes? It would seem that we are more primitive than our ancestors, who could find pleasure in tales of friendship and heroism, sometimes omitting, as in Beowulf (a Swedish hero, by the way) the lady in the case. Our age has been sex-mad, and Strindberg is a symptom.

There is still another, and more vital, criticism,—the vulnerable point I have above alluded to. Strindberg is big, but not big enough. He is courageous, but singularly fearful about the pain in the world. Without aiming at being philosophical, I should call him an extreme Hedonist. Pleasure to him is a serious *End* and a *Good in Itself*. He never learned the lesson Carlyle beat into the head of the nineteenth century,—that Duty, and not Pleasure, is the chief end of man. In his later semi-mystical plays particularly, such as "There Are Crimes and Crimes" and "The Dream Play," the hedonistic philosophy is responsible for the pessimism. The tragedy of "The Dream Play" is the endless recurrence of duties. Personally, I shall reserve my pity for the man or woman who does not have this endless round of duties. God have mercy on the victims of the drug, dilettantism. The philosophy which cannot understand pain and suffering and duty in the world, but merely inveighs against them, is not big enough.

One play from his third, or "Symbolistic," period stands almost alone. This is "Easter." There is a sweeter, saner, more life-giving spirit about it. I should like to believe that it represents without irony the older and riper Strindberg; but it seems to have been nothing more than an eddy, a moment of spiritual rest in his tumultuous life-and-thought stream. In this Swedish "Vicar of Wakefield," where everything comes out right in the end, Strindberg says to the little child, the world: "Here's a quarter for you. Run along and buy some sweets with it. I know they will make you sick, but I don't care this time."

Somewhat similar in tone, though belonging among Strindberg's early work, is "Lucky Pehr." It is an allegory that brings up many associations, chief among them being Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," and Balzac's "The Wild Ass's Skin." "Lucky Pehr" is not unpleasant reading, but it contans no large or vital truth — except perhaps the incidental one that happiness comes from striving rather than wishing.

This sentence from Nietzsche appears at the head of a biographical note in the volume translated by Edith and Warner Oland: "I tell you, you must have chaos in you if you would give birth to a dancing star." This is altogether apt for a volume of Strindberg's plays. You feel the whirling chaos in him, and he does give birth to occasional dancing stars. But the dominant impression one has on closing the book, on capping the telescope after a survey of the Strindberg firmament, is that a vast lot of star-dust in chaos remains merely nebular.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

Force and Finance vs. Human Fraternity.*

The ten articles contained in Captain Mahan's new book, "Armaments and Arbitration," have previously appeared in the magazines, and are here assembled with immaterial alterations. The position of Captain Mahan may be surmised from his previous works. He perceives that arbitration, which originally was merely a tool in the hands of diplomatists, has gradually developed in scope until by reason of "the coercive influence of public emotion, perhaps more in love with the name than comprehensive of the facts," governments find themselves losing their freedom to reject arbitration at discretion. To this tendency Captain Mahan raises a series of objections.

To begin with, he urges that the triumphs accredited to arbitration are in many cases deceptive, as arbitration was not accepted by the disputants from "love of right or of essential justice, but from a wish to escape the material damage of war." Because the states were nearly equal in strength they accepted arbitration, which would have been rejected had either state possessed superior force. It is further objected that the ideal implied by the expression, "law in place of war," is impracticable. The law can settle only questions which involve the principles of law, and which are covered by existing legislation; whereas international differences are often questions of policy, involving claims which have no recognition in law. Law is, therefore, inadequate.

> "Law could not have abolished slavery; could not have given the impetus which achieved German unity; could not have dispossessed Turkey of her misgoverned territories, nor Spain of hers; could not have extorted from the Krüger *régime* fair treatment for the foreigner, nor established equal rights in South Africa as it was; could not have vindicated the natural rights of Japan against the encroachments of Russia in the Far East. Diplomacy using force accomplished in these instances results to which law was unequal. . . . The great objection to law, however, is not merely that it is inadequate, but that in most of the above cases it would have been inequitable—would have perpetuated injustice by sanctioning outworn conditions or inapplicable principles."

Force — or the threat of force, which is the same thing, — can, in Admiral Mahan's opinion, alone settle questions like these.

It is also objected that the schemes to enlarge the scope of arbitration — especially those which would make arbitration compulsory at the demand of one of the parties, — besides depriving governments of their former freedom, tend to undermine the principle of independent nationality, to modify the sovereignty of the state upon which all present international relations rest. Nations as nations have materially aided progress; the principle of nationality "has for the past four hundred years been the dominant factor in the development of Europe." Therefore, it should be preserved at all odds against the encroachments of arbitration, on the one hand, and of socialism and kindred schemes, on the other, which would break down international boundaries and substitute internal and class struggle. This latter, for some reason, Captain Mahan thinks would be a relapse to conditions of the middle ages — a period, by the way, in which force, though not always national, was paramount.

National boundary lines must not be disrupted because Europe will need all the strength she can muster in the coming struggle with Asiatic civilization. "This not only impends, but has begun, and in it the strength of Europe is the principle of nationality, developed as it is now." Now, if this "principle of nationality" is so sacred and so necessary, why do European nations themselves respect it so little? They, as much as the proponents of arbitration, have drawn national integrity into question: they have violated the sovereignty of Turkey, Persia, and China. And by so doing they have set Asia an example which they may have occasion to regret. It may presently appear that the promotion of arbitration is a less objectionable way of infringing upon national sovereignty than the armed intervention of a strong state in the affairs of another without other sanction than that of force.

To Captain Mahan the very circumstance that a nation cannot avert invasion is in the last analysis the justification of the invasion. "Armament is the ultimate exponent of national independence and power." It is a fault to be weak, and the penalty for weakness is oppression. This militarist is not one of those who would advocate peace even if he believed peace to be practicable; he believes in force. "The existing political status of the planet rests, and in my judgment rests beneficially, upon force." With these views upon the finality of force, the reader must wonder why Captain Mahan takes such great pains to justify the action of the United States in Panama both *legally and morally*, as he does in his last chapter, entitled "Panama: A National Dishonor?" Why talk of law and morals if force is the ultimate test? The only dishonor possible for the United States would have consisted in lacking force, or in failing to use it effectively.

In general the views of Captain Mahan seem to rest on local and one-sided considerations. He reasons from the basis of a single nation, whereas the world contains many nations; and he assumes that nation to be victorious in its enterprises, whereas if there is a victor there must also be a vanquished,— a plain fact which is here simply ignored. In short, this military philosophy cannot be final or universal, for it leaves one half of the problem, and the more damaging half, out of account. A nation must possess force in order to repel some possible foe;

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*Armaments and Arbitration. Or, The Place of Force in the International Relations of States. By A. T. Mahan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Unseen Empire. A Study of the Plight of Nations that Do Not Pay their Debts. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

The Pride of War. By Gustav Janson. Translated from the Swedish. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The International Mind. An Argument for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

but where lies the advantage of force if that foe, acting on the same philosophy, also acquires force? Clearly what we need is not force, but *more force;* and our possible foe, still actuated by the same views, also acquires *more force!* Now who is the visionary,—the peace advocate who avers that this increase of force cannot continue indefinitely, or the militarist who insatiably calls for greater force, but has never explained how it is possible to increase armaments perpetually without drifting into financial difficulties which will make war—the very evil armaments are said to be preventing—the lesser of two evils?

The financial difficulties of militarism are so obvious and already so real that every rational man must wonder why we have been blind to them so long. This phase of the matter is treated by Dr. David Starr Jordan in his little book, "The Unseen Empire," which undertakes "to tell in part the story of the bondage of the nations due to the cost of war and of war preparations." It aims to show "that civilized nations are one and all in their degree under the dominion of a power stronger than Kings or Parliaments, more lasting than Armies and Navies,—that is, the Unseen Empire of Finance."

War and armaments cost vast sums of money, which must be raised by governments in some way. Taxes and tariffs have long since proved insufficient, and governments are led by military rivalry to make loans. These loans may properly be called "war debts," because had it not been for war and war preparations the natural income of the nations would have easily paid off all indebtedness, including that borrowed for industrial and commercial expansion. The objection of President Jordan to these war debts is not primarily that they are unethical in placing a burden on coming generations, or that they are part and parcel of a system of living beyond national means. He is not opposed to deferred payments, as such; there are proper loans which do place a burden on a coming generation. The test of a proper loan is the purpose for which it is made, whether for banking or for "pawnbroking."

> "Banking, properly speaking, deals with 'going concerns.' It is a provision by which free or idle money may be gathered together and converted into active capital. Through the banker, money on deposit is placed in the hands of those who by industrial or commercial enterprise can make it grow.
>
> "'Pawnbroking,' broadly speaking, deals with failure or waste. Its usual function is to afford means for some act of extravagance, or escape from some complication of past folly or misfortune. The extravagance, folly, and misfortune among nations is summed up in war. Pawnbroking among nations thus concerns itself mainly with past war or future preparation, in either case withdrawing the revenues concerned from all productive use."

In this respect Dr. Jordan is at complete variance with Captain Mahan, who writes: "It is also perhaps worth noting that the immense debt of Great Britain was contracted in establishing, by military means, the territorial, commercial, and industrial conditions which underlay her long continued supremacy; that debt was in the nature of an investment, not barren of returns." To this Dr. Jordan would, among other things, reply that the returns came to the wealthy classes and not to the average Englishman, who was little the better for the debt. It may also be inquired whether England's debt would have been a good investment had she been defeated? And what kind of an investment was the debt contracted by England's vanquished foes?

Still, wastefulness is not the greatest harm coming from public debts. That harm is the dominance which debts give to the nation's creditors, who are the kings of finance. These, to be sure, do not hold all or even a majority of a nation's bonds; but they do control the financial institutions and the media—sometimes even the officials—through which governments must float bonds if they place them at all; and, therefore, they control a state's credit.

> "The control of a railway system does not necessitate ownership, but simply the control of its debt and its needs at critical moments. Just so with nations. It is the need for more borrowings that makes the old loans dominant. In proportion to the bulk of their debts and the acute character of their need for money are they subject to dictation. The ordinary creditors or bondholders have little to say. It is the necessity for further loans which places control in the hands of the financier. This may be exercised quietly as befits the business of the banker, but it is none the less potent and real."

The "Empire" which dominates governments is not a well defined organization; it is rather a loosely coördinated system, the parts of which, by virtue of a far-reaching family relationship, as in the case of the Rothschilds, and by virtue of a common aim, coöperate for their mutual gain. It is privilege, and privilege everywhere affiliates with privilege. It does not stop at controling a nation's credit: it largely dictates a nation's policy for good or ill; it is interested wherever large capital is required, and hence in armament manufactories and syndicates. How detrimental this may be to a people is patent.

> "It is a fact, more or less well known, that the arguments that 'expansion of armaments is necessary to insure peace,' that 'big armies and navies are the insurance premiums of peace,' and that 'to insure peace a nation must always be prepared for war,' rest heavily on the desires of the armament syndicates to keep up their business. The armament lobby of Europe is the most powerfully organized instrument of its kind in the world. Its operations are consciously and carefully planned.
>
> "The chief weapon of the Armament Syndicate, because the most effective one for persuading a nation to go more and more deeply into debt, is the 'war scare.' Always the one nation is pitted against the other. Always there is imminent danger from our neighbors."

The criticism may be leveled at Dr. Jordan's little book that it makes assertions which it does not prove, and the criticism seems to be just. However, this does not prove that the author's contentions are untrue. Ludwig Pfeiffer has just come forward with a three-volume work entitled "Kriegsgeist" which attempts to prove the existence of the "Unseen Empire." Whether proved or not, there is still evidence that such an empire exists, and every attempt to expose it is commendable.

The attack upon war in literary form, first made popular by Baroness von Süttner in "Die Waffen nieder!" is revived in "The Pride of War," translated from Gustav Janson's Swedish story, "Lögnorna." By abandoning the form of a personal narrative employed in the earlier work, the argument becomes natural at all points, and is free from the outbursts of sentiment which fill the pages of "Ground Arms!" Indeed, as literature, "The Pride of War" is much the superior of the two; the chapter "Hamza and Hanifa" is idyllic in its perfection, and is the one part of the book in which the translation is so excellent as to pass unnoticed. And yet the work is not fiction in the conventional sense: there is no dominant character, and the love theme is absent. It is a series of connected studies in story form of the way the Turko-Italian war is imagined to have affected typical individuals engaged in it. That the author had some personal and intimate knowledge of the opponents in this struggle is manifest; and his project of showing how the strife affects the individual man touches the very core of the opposition to war. The bravery and patriotism, the noble action and splendid unanimity, which form the staple of most writers about war, fade when the individual soldier, as Janson pictures him, comes to be considered.

The characters upon whom are hung the argument are not caricatures, but real personalities. Captain Vitale, who as much as anyone is the central figure of the book, personifies war. He unthinkingly accepts the traditional views respecting national rivalry and war as the means of progress. Implicit obedience to military discipline is his ideal, and the soldier who renders it fares well at his hands. All individual initiative must, however, be surrendered. Hence he acts as a blight upon all who come under his sway. The Anarchist, Alfonso Zirilli, who represents the reflective peasant, loses his individuality and becomes a cog in a machine. Hamza, the noncombatant, who asked no more of the world than to be allowed to dwell in peace under his desert palms, is caught in the maelstrom, and, though innocent and ignorant of the why of it all, is heartlessly killed. The Turkish officer, Assan Bey, discovers in the lawlessness of war a chance for exploitation and self-enrichment which peace had not afforded. The Bedouin, Djafar, finds the troublous times well adapted to political treachery and the acquisition of power over his fellows. Rivarato, the dashing young Italian lieutenant, who had gone to the front with high hopes of the future that lay before him, emerges a physical wreck — a bit of the waste of war, used up in his prime and destined to be a burden instead of a prop to society for the remainder of his days. The Italian scholar, Pietro Fontanara, is the strongest character in the book. He had lived among the Moslems, engaged in studies which promised great benefit to men. His breadth of experience, his knowledge of the Turk, had given him something of what has been called the international mind. To him war against men whom he had come to regard as equals and brothers was hateful; but the sense of duty to his country impels him to abandon his work and to enlist. The acclamation of the press at his act makes him wonder,—"If there was really something worth recording in the fact that a strong man, healthy in mind and body, hurried to the aid of his country, then it was proof that war was an out-of-date ideal." This is only the beginning. Every day has its experiences, every experience its revelation, until finally he sees the sordidness and falsehood of it all; and he becomes the chief spokesman of the book against war. The chapter entitled "Lies," in which he speaks, is an indictment of warfare which the militarist, who distinguishes truth from policy, will have difficulty in answering.

European civilization must rest on force, says the militarist, if it would successfully resist Asia in the conflict which has already begun. Resisting is not the same as attacking, and Janson thinks the European has been the aggressor and has left the Asiatic no alternative but retaliation in kind. Using Djafar as his mouthpiece he says:

> "Civilization . . . I scarcely know what to answer you.
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> "I ask for thoughts, and you give me a name, Civilization, as if I, too, had not turned the word over and over with my tongue. It has a vile taste and I spit it out again. Civilization is your answer. When the Italian ironclads cast anchor outside the roadstead off Tripoli, civilization ordered that the Turkish garrison should leave the town without striking a blow. But it in no way prevented the Italians from shooting its houses in pieces with their cannons, or from slaying the people to whom the houses belonged, if any were still there. I have a feeling of nausea every time I hear the word 'civilization.' What I know of it is, that it bestows excellent weapons on the Unbelievers, together with the power of making the most reckless use of them, whenever there is anything to be gained. . . .
>
> "For all their disunion the Europeans are not afraid of acting all the world over in the same fashion. Civilization has never stood in the way of their slaying and plundering. It is in every respect a boon for them, but in most cases an evil for others. The good it bestows — namely, the quick-firing guns and far-reaching rifles — we can turn to our own use. Whether we like it or not, we must take that course. The nations of Europe cannot ask us to treat them otherwise than they are treating us. . . . Do you now see what I am driving at? Very well, then! The sons of the Prophet outnumber the Europeans. . . . Get us weapons and also men to teach us how to use them — that is your job. . . . There is really a God Turk. And righteousness is no empty word, as is the civilization of the Europeans."

Dr. Butler's new book, "The International Mind," consists of the addresses delivered by the author as Chairman of the Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration. As such they are naturally general in character, and are good summaries of progress rather than original contributions. President Butler believes that for the present the question of disarmament should be wholly avoided. He prefers to work for a restriction of the further growth of great armies and navies without impairing the efficiency of those that exist. Though this appears to be conceding a vital point to the militarist, it is for the present only. In the meantime, law and a sense of justice must be developed. High confidence is placed in these.

"Even if we speak in the most approved language of militarism itself, it is apparent that a fleet a mile wide will not long protect England from attack or invasion, or from starvation, if the attacking or invading party is in command of the full resources of modern science and modern industry. But if justice be substituted for force, England will always be safe."

"To say that men have always, as a last resort, settled their differences and difficulties by force, and that therefore they will always continue to do so is simply silly. To say that a nation's honor must be defended by the blood of her citizens if need be, is quite meaningless, for such a nation, although profoundly right in its contention, might be defeated by a superior force exerted on behalf of a wrong and unjust view."

Nations again and again yield to arguments that have no compulsion behind them other than public opinion; and public opinion is the final and the only means by which, in these days of popular sovereignty, any law, national as well as international, is made effective. The growth of the power of the people is a disturbing factor to militarists, some of whom bemoan its tendency to weaken the ideals of military discipline and organization. Dr. Butler himself is not willing to trust the people altogether. "A judiciary made dependent on changes of popular temper or on varying, often contradictory, manifestations of popular will, would become a mere administrative device under the control and direction of the executive power of the moment." By taking this position he at least escapes the inconsistency of an age which seeks to develop an international judiciary at the same time that it is destroying popular faith in the national courts. Apart from the judiciary, Dr. Butler has great faith in the people. "Governments, however popular and powerful, have ceased to dominate; everywhere public opinion dominates governments." This steady development of popular sovereignty is more significant to the historian than force. Democracy is the foe of force and the cure for war.

"The history of civilization might be written in terms of man's progress from fear to faith. As he has ceased to fear his neighbors and as he has come to have trust in them, he has been able to build up institutions that have lasted."

"The international mind is nothing else than that habit of thinking of foreign relations and business, and that habit of dealing with them, which regard the several nations of the civilized world as friendly and coöperating equals in aiding the progress of civilization, in developing commerce and industry, and in spreading enlightenment and culture throughout the world."

EDWARD B. KREHBIEL.

IN THE same choice form given to several other of Emerson's essays by the Riverside Press, his "Success" is now added to the series. Mr. Ferris Greenslet supplies a brief introduction, in which he emphasizes the peculiar relevancy of the essay to the present-day American "scramble of business, big and little, tri-partite politics, conversational culture, science that is applied, education that is vocational, and a religion that 'pays dividends.'" It is, indeed, infinitely refreshing to turn from the blatant cant of the "get on or get out" sort, which is now so largely in vogue, to this noble plea for a success that has its home in the "tranquil, well-founded, wide-seeing soul."

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The Chinese people intimately portrayed.

Among books purporting to give a full and elaborate portrayal of Chinese life, few have appeared in recent years more meritorious than Dr. J. Macgowan's "Men and Manners of Modern China" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The writer has spent fifty years as a missionary in China, and his interpretation of the people of that land bears abundant evidence of long-continued and acute observation. The book is remarkable for the abundance of its picturesque descriptive detail. The land and its government, the ancient outworn military system, the literary degrees of the now defunct examinations for civil service, the classical books, schools, and school-masters of the old *régime*, ancestor worship, plays and play actors, punishments, lynch law,—these and other topics are treated in chapters which gradually develop in the mind of the reader a lively image of the teeming and strange life of the old Empire. The author describes with quite unusual vividness such picturesque phases of existence in China as river life, farmers and farming, doctors and doctoring, beggars, Chinese cities; and elucidates the obscure subject of home life and the still more hidden mysteries of "face." The book shows insight gained through long and intimate contact, and sympathy developed by the gradual revelation through these years of the best traits of Chinese character. The writer has found the admirable virtues of the long-lived Chinese race, and arouses the respect of the reader for their patience, perseverence, fortitude, humor, and everlasting good nature. A sense of the teeming millions of the land engaged in their unremitting and age-long labor with muscles hardened by heavy loads and hearts subdued by long familiarity with the struggle for bare subsistence, and yet with laughter lying ready at the least provocation—this feeling of the teeming life of China is very well conveyed by Dr. Macgowan's book. The grotesque, disgusting, and horrible lines in the portrait are also clearly marked,—indeed so clearly that one doubts whether this is the best drawing of the Chinese for American readers. We have had only too much information that elevates our own race at the expense of the Asiatic peoples. To correct warped notions of these unlike nations it is safe to dwell even to some excess upon their virtues and attractions in portraying them for Anglo-Saxon readers. This is not done by Dr. Macgowan's book. Respecting the Chinese race as he does, the author yet constantly compares it with the English people to the advantage of the latter. The instances in which the scales are shown to tip the other way are too few to offset the total impression of the strange deficiencies of the Chinese as compared with the British people. But a cosmopolitan view of races cannot set up any one race as a norm to which all others must approach, and it is to be seriously doubted if comparisons of a foreign people with one's own nationality can ever be wholly

fair. Those books about foreign peoples do the best service which seek to explain and excuse, or at least condone, their obliquities, and to hold up all their virtues for the instruction of the home race,—though one must, of course, endeavor, first and foremost, to tell the truth. Yet deviations from the path of charity and deficiencies in cosmopolitan breadth are, after all, not of so serious a character in "Men and Manners in Modern China" but that the book is to be heartily welcomed for its remarkable vividness of portraiture of a race destined to play a great *rôle* in future history. One must regret the serious crudities of composition and expression that occur rather frequently throughout the book.

Denmark's greatest hero.

In the eleventh century the life of Christendom reawakened with a great relief. With the passing of the year 1000 A.D., it was revealed that after all the heavens were not to be rolled up like a scroll nor the elements to melt with fervent heat; and men began once more to look round upon the kingdoms of this earth as desirable property; the mighty game of conquest was once more worth playing. Of the figures stalking over the stage at that time, at least two men achieved careers which have not been allowed to sink into forgetfulness — William the Norman and Canute the Dane. They shared the century between them, but their lives, so far as strenuous activity was concerned, did not lap or even touch. Canute, at the age of forty, was laid away at Winchester thirty-one years before the battle of Hastings, but after winning an empire, with the triple crown of Denmark, England, and Norway. With whatever truth our average readers can say "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," they must confess a robust ignorance of the great Viking — an ignorance usually lightened by only two legends. But Professor Laurence M. Larson, of the University of Illinois, in the latest volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series (Putnam), has left this ignorance without further excuse. With infinite patience and a fine historic sense he has assembled all materials derivable from the chroniclers, annalists, and sagas, and has blended them into a consistent and continuous narrative. How cautiously he handles his sources may be seen by his constant use of such restrictive phrases as "presumably," "possibly," "probably," "apparently," "appears to have accompanied," "almost certainly," etc. This makes his conclusions, when confidently asserted, the more trustworthy. He has had, of course, the aid of such modern Norse scholars as Vigfusson, the two Bugges, Steenstrup, and others; but he has used them with a healthy and detached judgment which sometimes differs with theirs, and helps his own book to the position of an original contribution to biographical literature. Out of the somewhat confused sources there emerges finally the figure of a man, not of the highest heroism, but a man who was quick to see and to seize every opportunity created by his own shrewdness or offered by the weakness of others. In the words of Professor Larson, "Canute possessed in full measure the Scandinavian power of adaptation, the quality that made the Northmen such a force in Normandy and Naples. He grasped the ideals of mediæval Christianity, he appreciated the value of the new order of things, and undertook to introduce it among the Northern peoples. But he did not permit the new circumstances and ideals to control him; only so long as they served his purpose or did not hinder him in the pursuit of that purpose did he bow to them. When other means promised to be more effective, he chose accordingly." Of the two legends above mentioned — the story of the King's visit to the monks of Ely ("Sweet sang the monks of Ely, when Canute rowed thereby"), and the still more familiar one of his rebuke to the flattering courtiers before the resistless advance of the tide,— Professor Larson remarks that the former is intrinsically probable. The latter is quietly dismissed as "a myth too patent to need discussion; there was nothing of the Oriental spirit in the Northern court." We shall have to comfort ourselves with the reflection that such stories retain their moral value long after their historic props have been knocked away.

Early religious pilgrims and pilgrimages.

Mr. Sidney Heath's "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages" (Houghton) was designed, the author tells us, "to serve and entertain the general reader who is interested in the religious pilgrimages of olden days." If the general reader were himself on pilgrimage, and carried a scrip large enough to hold this substantial volume, we can well believe that he would be served by it, for portions of it would make a useful guide-book; but by no part of it would he be entertained. It abounds in information concerning the ancient pilgrim roads and shrines and customs of England; but this information is so scrappy and incoherent, so intermingled with trivialities and errors, and expressed in such curious English that a sense of impatience rather than of entertainment accompanies the reader's progress through its three hundred pages. It is difficult, indeed, to treat with seriousness a historical work that gravely cites "an anonymous writer" as authority for a historical statement, and that quotes "The Daily Mail" as one might quote Green or Macaulay. Moreover, for a writer dealing with mediæval pilgrimages, Mr. Heath knows singularly little about Chaucer. He refers to the poet's career at Oxford and Cambridge, apparently unaware that Professor Lounsbury demolished this part of the "Chaucer legend" twenty years ago. He *naïvely* remarks that, thanks to the labors of the Chaucer Society, the poet may now be "read fluently in his own language," and then proceeds to interpret "burdoun" in the line, "This Somonour bar to hym a stif burdoun," as "a long walking-staff," and "endite," in the line, "He koude songes make and wel endite," as "recite." Nor does he use his own language with much more accuracy than he interprets Chaucer's. He talks of "an expended force," when he means a spent one, of

"temporal punishment in this world and the next," of Chaucer's language being "partly Teutonic and partly Saxon," of science "scotching" the germ of faith, and he draws a most uncomfortable picture of "bands of people . . . praying and mortifying as they went," thus adding a new and unheard of terror to the wayfaring life of the fourteenth century. A writer on the customs of the mediæval Church might also be expected to know that St. Gudula of Brussels was not a man, and that a Franciscan house is not and never was called an abbey. In spite of these defects, the general reader will find some curious and interesting items in these pages, if he have patience to hunt for them,—among them, one that will probably reconcile him to the martyrdom of the saintly Becket. We read that being "'busie at his prayers in the garden at Otford, [he] was much disturbed by the sweet note and melodie of a nightingale that sang in a bush beside him, and in the might of his holinesse commanded all birds of this kind to be henceforth silent.' So the song of the nightingale was banished from Otford."

A Japanese artist's childhood and youth.

The cheerful and amusing and delightfully ingenuous Japanese artist and author who has caused hosts of readers on both sides of the Atlantic to smile and chuckle over his queer but always vividly picturesque English, offers them another book of personal reminiscence and reflection in "When I Was a Child" (Houghton), which opens with a most ingratiating portrait of the author, from a photograph, and is further illustrated with many admirable drawings from his own practiced hand. In twenty chapters of incident and characteristic comment, Mr. Yoshio Markino tells the story of his early home life at Koromo ("a small mountainous village in Mikawa, and although the view is beautiful, no pilgrims ever stop their feet at Koromo"), of his adoption into another family after his mother's death, of his trying experiences at a mission school, his narrow escape from death in a terrible earthquake, his "stepping on the highroad to ambition," and finally his emigration to America and his hardships in San Francisco. Thus the account of his life is brought to the point where "A Japanese Artist in London" begins. Two chapters of a philosophical and religious nature—"Ethic and Religion" and "Science and Human Sense"—close the book. The things told are interesting in themselves, and the manner of their telling is now amusing, now pathetic, and always remarkable for its vividness and quaint imagery. A passage from the preface, describing the conflict of imagination with memory in the author, will remind the reader of another and more famous instance of this tendency to "remember everything, whether it happened or not." "When I was a child," says Mr. Markino, "I had rather good memory, and if my memory was absent there was only a dark blank in my brain. To-day it is different with my brain. Since I am grown I began to have such a great imagination. (I think I have got much imagination since I have become an artist. For artists are obliged to make pictures entirely from their imagination, especially to illustrate some fictions, etc.)." But he has tried to check this imaginative tendency by getting his facts from relatives at home. The book's title is a little misleading. The author, born in 1874, brings his narrative down to his twentieth year or beyond — and we should have been glad to have him continue it to the present day.

Fine examples of old-school oratory.

The beauty of well-chosen phraseology and carefully-ordered periods distinguishes the "Essays and Addresses" (Neale) of Judge Roger A. Pryor, as issued, with a brief and modest introduction and useful explanatory notes, in a choice selection of eight public utterances, in a small volume adorned with a likeness of the speaker in his more vigorous prime. Judge Pryor, soldier, diplomat, jurist, statesman, as he must be styled by reason of the variety and importance of his activities, is a native of Virginia, where he began the practice of the law in 1849; was sent as Special Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece in 1855; sat in the Thirty-sixth Congress; was a member of the Confederate States Congress, and a brigadier-general in the Confederate States Army; after the war he was admitted to the New York bar, and was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas and, later, justice of the Supreme Court of New York (1894–99). Among his speeches now published are to be especially noted his defense of Southern independence upon the report of the Resolutions of the Committee of Thirty-three, in the House of Representatives; his address at the first reunion of Federal and Confederate soldiers; and his discourse on "The Influence of Virginia in the Formation of the Federal Constitution." We are tempted to quote one paragraph of an address to law students, because of its charm of old-fashioned stateliness. "A lucid and logical arrangement of topics — so perspicuous as instantly to reveal their own significance and force; a diction choice but not fastidious, rich yet not redundant; an exhibition of learning short of pedantry, but sufficient for information; a concatenation of argument, compact and convincing; and an elocution graceful, animated, and earnest — these are the qualities of speech by the concentrated spell of which even the most austere and impatient court will be fascinated into an involuntary thralldom." Could a Burke or a Webster have done it better?

Dr. Hosmer's gleanings from many fields.

Dr. James K. Hosmer's reminiscent volume, "The Last Leaf" (Putnam), chapters of which have already delighted readers of the "Atlantic," the Boston "Transcript," and the New York "Evening Post," owes much of its breadth of interest to the number of vocations successfully followed by its author in the course of his four-score years. As minister of religion, soldier, author, college professor, lecturer, librarian, and what else beside we will not attempt to say, he has seen life in many aspects and rubbed elbows with men of many sorts and conditions.

Patted on the head in his infancy by Lincoln, he communed with Emerson in his prime, and — but to mention other names after these great ones would be to incur the risk of an anticlimax. His war memories and his experiences in Germany and France at the outbreak of the conflict between those two countries are just sufficiently stirring to make doubly agreeable by contrast the record of his intercourse with the illustrious men of peace, the scholars and writers and statesmen, whom it was his fortune to meet from time to time. The style of these chapters from a richly varied life pleases by its apt allusion, its well-chosen phrase, its quiet humor, and its play of fancy. Of his intercourse with Simon Newcomb at Harvard, he says: "We became very good friends. He was a genial fellow, capable as I have said of taking or making a joke, yet his moods were prevailingly serious, and he had already hitched his waggon to a star." The following bit of literary autobiography is of especial interest: "In 1857 I sent a poem to the *Atlantic* then just beginning under his [Lowell's] editorship. My poem came back with the comment, 'Hardly good enough, but the writer certainly deserves encouragement.' This frost, though not unkind, nipped my budding aspirations in that direction. I hung my modest harp on the willows and have almost never since twanged the strings." The book's closing pages contain some "eupeptic musings" that show the author to be a determined optimist, as indeed was little doubtful before, and as might have been surmised from his portrait, which appears as frontispiece.

A new volume of studies by William James.

In the volume entitled "Essays in Radical Empiricism" (Longmans) Mr. Ralph Barton Perry has collected a number of studies by the late William James which represent that part of his philosophical work which the author regarded as more fundamental than his provocative theory of pragmatism. His radical empiricism, he felt, could be accepted by those who were not pragmatists, although the pragmatic theory involved an empirical attitude. The particular doctrine which James labelled radical empiricism was, however, more than the mere insistence upon the facts of experience, the determination to start philosophizing from particular facts and perceptions, which was insisted upon by the earlier philosophers of the school of Hume, Mill, and others. This doctrine not only says that the only things that shall be debatable among philosophers are things definable in terms drawn from experience, but the relations of things — which the older philosophers explained by some such unexperienced thing as an Absolute or Unknowable — are in this doctrine regarded as themselves matters of direct experience. These essays, which are for the most part of a somewhat technical nature, deal with the use of this theory in the consideration of various philosophical problems. The thought-economy of the theory is insisted upon, and Mr. James avows that it enables him to read the universe religiously and even theistically,—though the god it enables him to postulate is not omni-anything, but simply "the experiencer of widest actual conscious span." The rather startling title of the first essay, "Does 'Consciousness' Exist?" simply implies that to this theory consciousness as a state is not a reality but that only thoughts in the concrete are real, and that they "are made of the same stuff as things are."

The sisters of some famous men.

In Miss Sarah G. Pomeroy's series of sketches entitled "Little-known Sisters of Well-known Men" (Estes) are depicted the lives of a few from among the many women who have renounced their own gifts and aspirations that they might better serve the interests and fame of their brothers. It is similar in idea and plan to the well-known book of many years ago, "Some Noble Sisters" by Edmund Lee, and the later and more familiar volume, "Famous Sisters of Great Men" by Marianne Kirlew. Although the studies were prepared (as we are told in the Introduction) for academic degrees, there is a deplorable lack of authentic information regarding sources of material. Far too many of the long extracts are uncredited; and in the Bibliography we note at least two errors in exact titles. But notwithstanding these flaws, and a painful effort to connect some of the sketches by "a chance bond of time or place," the book is interesting and appreciative. We look in vain for a few names, notably that of Caroline Herschel. After a general Introductory chapter, there are life stories of Mary Sidney, Mary Lamb, Dorothy Wordsworth, Elizabeth Whittier, Sarianna Browning, Harriet Macaulay, Sarah Disraeli, Sophia Thoreau, and Eliza Parkman. In tracing the devotion of the sisters of Sidney, Macaulay, and Disraeli, the author has given valuable glimpses of the home-atmosphere of these authors. Her attempt to portray the high-spirited, keen, but elusive Sarianna Browning has met with better success than previous essays; yet the outlines are still indefinite. The American women, — Elizabeth Whittier, Eliza Parkman, and Sophia Thoreau, — are treated with sympathy and insight. The fine mind, executive ability, and scientific knowledge of Thoreau's sister are duly acknowledged, sometimes in unassigned quotations. The lighter element in Elizabeth Whittier should be blended in memory with her earnestness and zeal.

The story of evolution.

Speaking generally, the study of fossils has quite justly been regarded by persons who were not inspired devotees at the palæontological shrine as a rather dull and dry sort of business. In "Evolution in the Past" (Lippincott) Mr. Henry R. Knipe, F.L.S., endeavors with fair success to show that if properly told the story of the orderly progression of living things in the history of the earth, as revealed by fossils, is not without interest. The tale begins with the lowly protozoa, sponges, jelly-fishes, and the like, in the Cambrian period of the Palæozoic age. A clear account is given of what these creatures were like, how they lived, and what sort of a world it was

in which they found themselves. In succeeding chapters the fauna and flora of each geological era are treated in the same way. The birth, growth, and final extinction of some great groups of animals and plants are traced. Finally we are brought in this way down to the present age. The chief defect of the book is found in the fact that it includes too much detailed information. The forest is somewhat obscured by the luxuriant growth of trees. Furthermore, it is difficult to conceive why it was thought necessary to give the scientific name of nearly every organism mentioned. The old lady's criticism of the dictionary as a piece of light literature applies with considerable force to the present work: there is an abundance of pleasant and informing words but the plot is a bit difficult to follow. The numerous illustrations by Miss Alice B. Woodhouse and Mr. Ernest Bucknoll are a valuable addition to the book; from both the artistic and the scientific standpoints they are excellent, particularly those done by the first-mentioned artist.

Outlines of modern Italian literature.

Most histories of Italian literature pay extensive attention to the great writers of the classical period, and deal but meagrely with the writers who came after Ariosto and Tasso. In giving us a history of "Modern Italian Literature" (Little, Brown & Co.), Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley has supplied a real want of English students of the subject, and placed us considerably in his debt. His work is essentially a history of Italian literature in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with an introductory chapter upon the decadent period between Tasso and Metastasio. The writers who have chapters to themselves are Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi. Later writers who are considered at some length are Giusti, Carducci, d'Annunzio, and Fogazzaro. Of the latter, the author says: "The fact that we can close this book with such a writer makes us look forward with confidence to the future of literature in Italy," as well it may. Mr. Collison-Morley has much to say of the influence of English ideals on the Italian spirit, and his critical outlook is philosophical. His book is a happy blend of exact information with intelligent criticism, and his illustrative extracts, although sparingly indulged in, are always well-chosen. His chapters on Leopardi and Manzoni are models of sympathetic exposition. The whole work is a compendium, of course, but a highly readable one; and we would not know where in English to look for a more satisfactory account of the letters of modern Italy.

Mid-Victorian memories of an art-critic.

It has been said, probably more than once, that artists make the best subjects for biography. If that is so, they should also be not bad subjects for autobiography — as has been convincingly enough proved by Cellini and Haydon and Vedder, to name no others. Mr. Frederick Wedmore, though rather a critic than a practitioner of the fine arts, has certainly enough of the artist about him to bring him within this class of agreeable autobiographers. His "Memories" (Doran) will be enjoyed by all who take delight in the cultured expression of a mind stored with the remembrance of cheerful yesterdays. Artists, actors, authors, editors, preachers, and others, pass across his pages, each leaving the impression of a distinct individuality, each drawn for us in a few strokes by the hand of a literary artist. Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Henry Irving, Walter Pater, Whistler, Henry Ward Beecher, and others too numerous to mention, give variety and interest to his brief and anecdotal chapters. An amusing story of a conversation between old Lady Southampton and Queen Victoria represents the former as saying: "Do not you think, Ma'am, one of the satisfactions of the Future State will be not only our reunion with those whom we have loved on Earth, but our opportunities of seeing face to face so many of the noble figures of the Past — of other lands and times? Bible times, for instance. Abraham will be there, Ma'am. Isaac, too, and Jacob. Think of what they will be like! And the sweet singer of Israel, He, too. Yes, Ma'am. King David we shall see." To which the Queen, after a moment's silence, and with great dignity and decision, replied: "I will *not* meet David."

The origin and development of playing cards.

"Prophetical, Educational, and Playing Cards" (Jacobs), by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, who twenty years ago wrote a book (now out of print) entitled "The Devil's Picture Book," is a study of a rather baffling subject, the origin and antiquity of playing cards having hitherto been enveloped in a cloud of much misapprehension and uncertainty. The prevailing notion that cards were first invented for the amusement of a crazy French king is of course dismissed at once as absurdly erroneous by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who carries back their origin to "the mysteries of ancient days," and assures her readers that "the heraldic devices of Mercury, which are the emblems of what has always been called, by historians, 'The Book of Thoth Hermes Trismegistus,' are in themselves mute proof of the connection of the Tarots (as they are now called) with the cult of Mercury." Many plates, of curious interest, are provided, and the writer makes good use of sources of information not accessible to earlier writers on the subject. But one is tempted to smile at the seriousness with which the virtues of cards as aids to the revealing of the future are treated. At the very outset, the book (on its wrapper) professes its ability to teach any person the art of fortune-telling; and in the middle of the volume the invention of the French pips is spoken of as being "as well adapted for playing as were the original Tarots suited for divining the lives and characteristics of mankind." Nevertheless the work is packed with unusual erudition, and will delight all who take their card-playing seriously. The addition of an index and of a glossary (etymological, if possible) of unusual and foreign terms would enhance the value of any subsequent re-issues of the book.

Notes.

"Child of Storm" is the title of a new novel by Sir Rider Haggard, just announced by Messrs. Longmans.

A volume of short stories by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the author of "Tante," will be published early this year by the Century Co.

"The Philippine Problem," by Mr. Frederick Chamberlin, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

A new novel by Miss Elizabeth Robins, entitled "My Little Sister," is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A study of the English Novel, by Dr. George Saintsbury, will form the next volume in Messrs. Dutton's series, "Channels of English Literature."

"V. V.'s Eyes" is said to be the title of the new novel by Mr. Henry S. Harrison, author of "Queed." Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish the book shortly.

"From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift" is the period covered in Volume IX. of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," to be issued immediately by Messrs. Putnam.

A new historical work by Admiral Mahan, dealing with "The Major Operations of the Navies in the War of American Independence," will be published shortly by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

A plea for the conservation of American wild life which we hope may have its effect is Dr. William T. Hornaday's "Our Vanishing Wild Life: Its Extermination and Preservation," to be published at once by Messrs. Scribner.

"The Positive Evolution of Religion," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., is an important announcement of Messrs. Putnam. They have also in preparation "An Interpretation of Rudolph Eucken's Philosophy," by Dr. W. Tudor Jones, D.Phil.

"Life," our sparkling American weekly, has just celebrated its thirtieth birthday with a special "Birthday Number" in which its editors have much good fun among themselves. We wish our contemporary many another birthday. Life without "Life" would be a dull affair for many of us.

"The Fine Air of the Morning" is the title of a new novel by Mr. J. S. Fletcher which Messrs. Dana Estes & Co. will publish early next month. This house has ready for almost immediate publication another of Miss Laura E. Richards's popular stories of New England life, to be entitled "Miss Jimmy."

A book on the Balkan war that promises to be of some importance is that announced in London by the Methuens and having as authors Mr. Philip Gibbs, who will tell the story from the Bulgarian side, and Mr. Bernard Grant, who will look at the subject from the Turkish viewpoint. Another and more comprehensive chronicle is that soon to appear from the pen of Mr. Seppings Wright, and entitled "Two Years under the Crescent," which will include both the Tripolitan and Balkan campaigns.

Harry Peyton Steger, literary adviser to Doubleday, Page & Co., and literary executor of "O. Henry," whose short stories he had compiled in an approximately complete edition, died about a week ago at the Polytechnic Hospital in New York. He was born nearly thirty years ago in Tennessee, studied at the University of Texas, at German universities, and at Oxford as Rhodes scholar, and saw some service as journalist on London papers. In 1908 he became editor of the magazine "Short Stories." He was the author of "Up from College" and "O. Henry: A Biographical Collection," and was a literary worker of fine promise.

Professor John M. Gillette, of the University of North Dakota, has now in press with the Sturgis & Walton Co. a volume entitled "Constructive Rural Sociology." The aim of this work is to survey life in rural communities, to note its tendencies and deficiencies, and to point out ways of betterment in accordance with the best ideals of rural social life.

"Rights of Citizenship" is the title of a volume to be issued at once by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. It consists of a survey of the safeguards for the preservation of the rights of the people, with a preface by the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G., and contributions by Sir Wm. R. Anson, Bart., F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., Prof. A. V. Dicey, D.C.L., Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., and the Earl of Selborne, K.G.

Charles Carroll Soule, publisher, editor, author, and library worker, died in his seventy-first year on the seventh of this month at his home in Brookline, Mass. He was the son of Richard Soule, widely known for his "Dictionary of English Synonyms," and was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard College (class of '62); served in the Civil War as private, lieutenant, and captain of volunteers; engaged in the law-book business in St. Louis, afterward entered the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co., and in 1889 became president of the Boston Book Co., which he himself had organized. At various times he was a trustee of the Brookline Public Library, vice-president of the American Library Association, member of its Publishing Board, of its Council, of the Institute, and trustee of the Endowment Fund. He made himself an expert in library-planning and acted as adviser on the subject. He wrote "How to Plan a Library Building for Library Work," published last year, "Library Rooms and Buildings," "Reference Manual of Law Books and Citations," and, in earlier life, "Hamlet Revamped, Modernized and Set to Music," and "Romeo and Juliet: A New Travesty." Clearly he was a man of varied tastes and aptitudes, and of marked ability.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 65 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

Forty-five Years of My Life, 1770-1815. By the Princess Louise of Prussia; edited by Princess Radziwill and translated by A. R. Allinson. With portraits in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 461 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $4.25 net.

Cardinal de Richelieu. By Eleanor C. Price. Illustrated, 8vo, 306 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $3.25 net.

Henry the Lion: The Lothian Historical Essay for 1912. By Austin Lane Poole. 12mo, uncut, 109 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Oxford Book of Latin Verse, from the Earliest Fragments to the End of the Fifth Century, A. D. Chosen by H. W. Garrod. 12mo, 532 pages. Oxford University Press.

Lucky Pehr. A Drama in Five Acts. Translated from the Swedish of August Strindberg by Velma Swanston Howard. With portrait, 12mo, 176 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.50 net.

FICTION.

The Happy Warrior. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. With frontispiece, 12mo, 448 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.

The Green Overcoat. By Hilaire Belloc; illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. 12mo, 334 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.20 net.

Joyful Heatherby. By Payne Erskine. Illustrated, 12mo, 449 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.

The Little Gray Shoe. By Percy Brebner. Illustrated. 12mo, 349 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

Dew and Mildew: Semi-Detached Stories from Karabad, India. By Percival Christopher Wren. 12mo, 424 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

The Girl with the Rosewood Crutches: She Tells Some Chapters of Her Life. Illustrated, 12mo, 267 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.20 net.

Cynthia: A Daughter of the Philistines. By Leonard Merrick. 12mo, 300 pages. New York. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.20 net.

The Man Who Was Good. By Leonard Merrick. 12mo, 315 pages. New York: Desmond FitzGerald. $1.20 net.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS.

Empires of the Far East: A Study of Japan and of Her Colonial Possessions, of China and Manchuria and of the Political Questions of Eastern Asia and the Pacific. By Lancelot Lawton. In 2 volumes, 8vo. Small, Maynard & Co.

China's Revolution, 1911-1912: A Historical and Political Record of the Civil War. By Edwin J. Dingle. Illustrated, 8vo, 304 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $3.50 net.

Where Socialism Failed: An Actual Experiment. By Stewart Grahame. Illustrated, 12mo, 266 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Immortality and Modern Thought. By Watson Boone Duncan. 12mo, 191 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

Our Growing Creed; or, The Evangelical Faith as Developed and Reaffirmed by Current Thought. By William D. McLaren, M. A. 8vo, 531 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Inner Life and the Tao-Teh-King. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. Large 8vo, 225 pages. New York: Theosophical Publishing Co. $2. net.

The Spiritual Body in Relation to the Divine Law of Life. By George H. Peeke. 12mo, 207 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.

The Pilot Flame. By Kelley Jenness. 8vo, 268 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.50 net.

Drama of the Apocalypse. By Thomas C. Bird. With portrait, 12mo, 236 pages. Roxburgh Publishing Co., Inc.

Intellectual Religion. By Thomas Curran Ryan. 12mo, 165 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

Here and There a Leaf. By Louise Heywood. 12mo, 187 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.20 net.

The Gospel of the Lilies. By Edward O. Guerrant, 12mo, 224 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

A Child's Glimpse of God for Grown Up Children. By Ethel Blackwell Robinson, M. D. 12mo, 162 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

The Kingdom of God and American Life. By Chauncey B. Brewster. 12mo, 143 pages. New York: Thomas Whittaker, Inc. 80 cts. net.

The Autographs of Saint Paul. By Marcus D. Buell. 12mo, 95 pages. Eaton & Mains. 35 cts. net.

MUSIC.

Practical Reflections on the Figurative Art of Singing. By Giambattista Mancini; translated by Pietro Buzzi. With portrait, 12mo, 194 pages. Richard G. Badger. $2. net.

Forty Songs. By Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky; edited by James Huneker. 4to. "Musicians Library." Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, $1.50.

Creature Songs. Words and music by Louise Ayres Garnett. Illustrated by Peter Newell, 4to, 30 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25 net.

Songs of Happiness. Words by Carolyn S. Bailey and music by Mary B. Ehrmann. 4to, 127 pages. Springfield: Milton Bradley Co. $1.20 net.

Folk-Songs of Eastern Europe. Edited by Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead. 4to, 58 pages. Oliver Ditson Co.

Ditson Edition. New volumes: Twelve Brilliant and Melodious Studies, by Frederich Burgmüller, 50 cts. Twelve Short Preludes for the Organ, by Arthur W. Marchant. $1.25. 4to. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Concordanza delle Rime di Francesco Petrarca. Compiled by Kenneth McKenzie. Large 8vo, 519 pages. Yale University Press. $10. net.

Writings on American History: A Bibliography of Books and Articles on United States and Canadian History Published during the Year 1910, with Some Memoranda on Other Portions of America. Compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin. 8vo, 706 pages. Washington: American Historical Association.

Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Volume V., Dravidians-Fichte. Large 8vo, 908 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets.)

Annotated Catalogue of Newspaper Files in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Compiled by Ada Tyng Griswold. 8vo, 591 pages. Madison: State Historical Society.

Engineering and Metallurgical Books, 1907-1911. Compiled by R. A. Peddle. 12mo, 206 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50 net.

The American Annual of Photography, 1913. Volume XXVII. Edited by Percy Y. Howe. Illustrated, 8vo, 328 pages. New York: American Annual of Photography, Inc. Paper, 75 cts.

Guide to the United States for the Jewish Immigrant: A Nearly Literal Translation of the Second Yiddish Edition. By John Foster Carr. Illustrated, 12mo, 63 pages. Privately Printed. Paper, 15 cts. net.

EDUCATION.

The History of Modern Elementary Education, with Emphasis on School Practice in Relation to Social Conditions. By Samuel Chester Parker. Illustrated, 12mo, 505 pages. Ginn & Co. $1.50 net.

The Humanities in the Education of the Future, and Other Addresses and Papers. By William Baxter Owen, Ph. D. 12mo, 187 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

Lessons in the Speaking and Writing of English. By John M. Manly and Eliza R. Bailey. In 2 volumes; illustrated, 12mo. D. C. Heath & Co.

The Essentials of English Composition. By James Weber Linn. 12mo, 186 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Physical Laboratory Guide. By Frederick C. Reeve. 12mo, 182 pages. American Book Co. 60 cts.

First German Composition. By Philip Schuyler Allen. 12mo, 224 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

American Beginnings in Europe. By Wilbur F. Gordy. Illustrated, 12mo, 336 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Italian Short Stories. Selected and Edited by Ernst H. Wilkins, Ph. D., and Rudolph Altrocchi, A. M. 12mo, 206 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 60 cts.

Easy German Composition, with an Abstract of German Grammar. By Marian P. Whitney, Ph. D., and Lilian L. Stroebe, Ph. D. 12mo, 180 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Einst im Mai. Von Hans Arnold. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by George B. Lovell, Ph. D. 12mo, 142 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe. Erzählung von Gottfried Keller. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by Robert N. Corwin. 12mo, 249 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Seth of Colorado: A Story of the Settlement of Denver. By James Otis. Illustrated, 12mo, 146 pages. American Book Co. 35 cts.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

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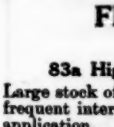
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